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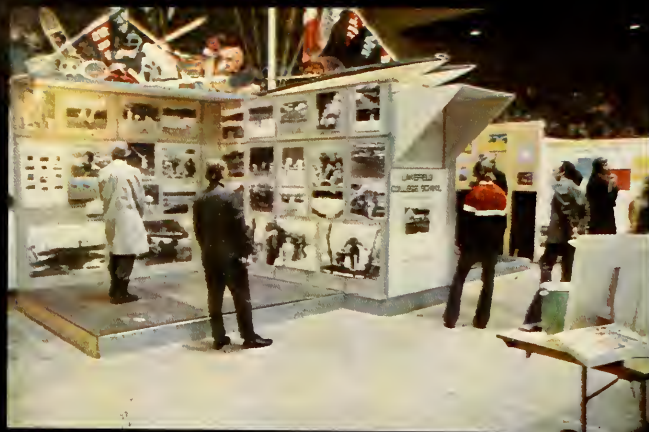
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the chronicle
lakefield college school
lakefield, ontario
1971-1972



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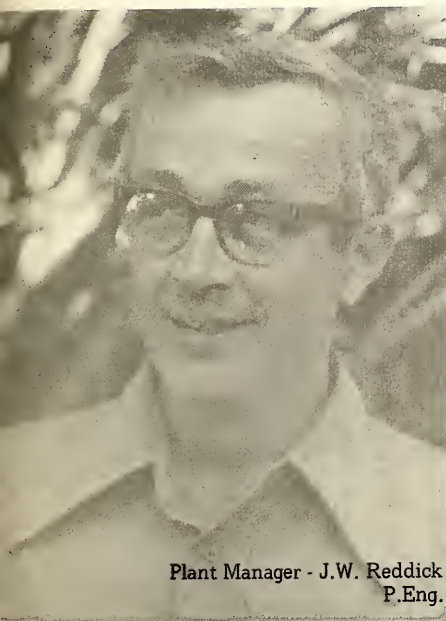
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Editorial

This last year has been one of many changes, the most important being the arrival of a new Headmaster. There is no doubt that Mr. Guest's exuberant personality will change the face of school life. Since his appointment, we have seen many reforms. However, there are two differences this year that no one has had any control over.

The first of these is inflation. Increasing costs have forced us to shorten the length of the Chronicle by sixteen pages from its standard one hundred and sixty page layout. Andrew Gunn, head of advertising, has set an all-time record for his section, collecting forty-five ads. Thus with a larger business section added to the smaller over-all size of the book, the end product is lower costs.

Secondly, during the summer, Mr. McDougall left the school to become a headmaster at a school out West. I am sure that all those who benefitted from his classes will well remember the Grade 9 physics that was pounded into them. The Reverend leaves several monuments to his work at the school. The school races, the Nomad and SLASH organizations and the Chapel are just part of his contribution to Grove life. We wish him well.

In leaving the school, I would naturally hope many of the changes I had advocated as student will be soon realised. I would like to see a stiffening of the academic fibre of the Grove, beginning with a cohesive Staff crack-down. In other words, what is required is the instillation of learning integrity into all those who attend. Most boys exhibit an attitude of "only what is necessary and just maybe a little more if it means rewards from the teacher." This feeling, while not being peculiar to the Grove, should be avoided for the sake of learning. Students do not realise that academic excellence is not for the master's personal pleasure but for their own good.

It should be acknowledged that a few do accept this, most of them thinking of university - a training ground for a lucrative job. The cost of going to a private school makes it the school's responsibility to promote the attitude of learning for the sake of learning.

I believe that Mr. Guest is striving for these goals and is going out of his way to achieve them. I wish him success.

Gordon Webb - Chronicle Editor



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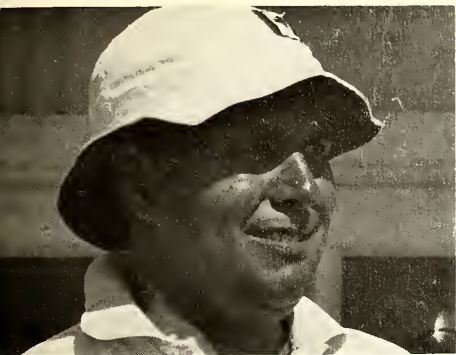
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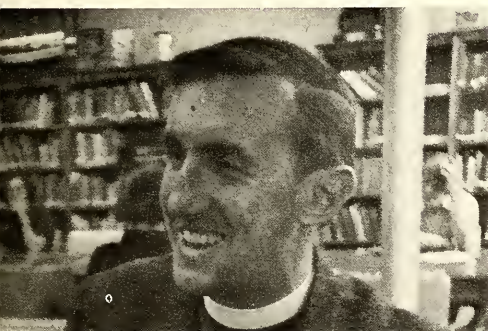




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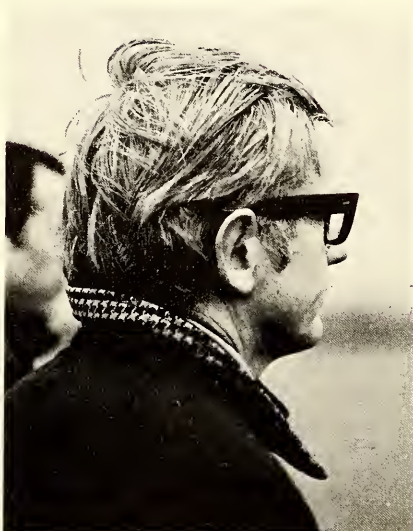


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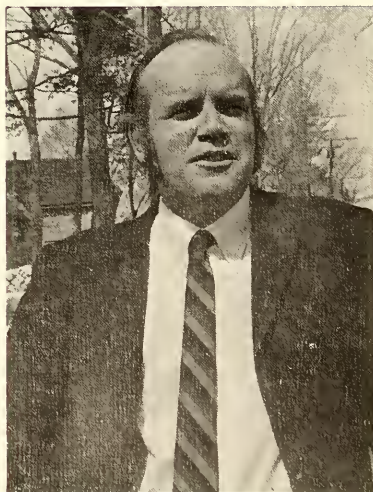
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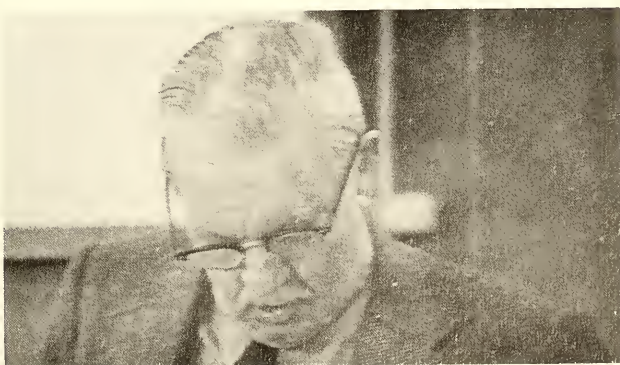


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June 11, 1972

Dear All,



A.R. Dormer
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J. Grant
Geography Dept.
B.A., M.A. (Manchester, Queen's)



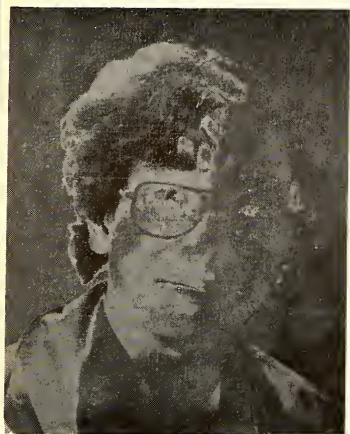
I think I was reminded about 15 times to say a few words about your year at the Grove, Sir. It wasn't that I didn't want to, but after moving house three times, teaching approximately 958 geography classes for a total of 38,320 minutes, coaching J.S. second soccer team, S.L.A.S.H., and rugger, dabbling in various other activities, going to so many good parties and "varied" school meals, and meeting and getting to know about 300 students, staff, and their families it's a little difficult to come up with "a few words" which can express the multitude of emotions and feelings experienced in the last ten months. At the moment of writing (mid-morning on the Sunday after closing) the predominant feelings are those of mild nausea and fatigue, and a dread of the examination marking and the masters meetings still to come. Fortunately these have not been the most consistent of our experiences. Both my wife Josephine and I were struck first of all by the physical beauty of the school and its site. This however is not the school's major asset. Much more important was the warmth with which we were accepted into the school community. We found the students (yes, that's you scruffy lot!) to be generally interested in us, exceedingly kind and generous in many cases, and prepared to share their ideas with us as well as to listen to some of ours. Even though we may have agreed to differ over many issues, the ability to listen and to discuss rationally was invaluable. Some of the staff even had a few of these qualities, but I can forgive all their shortcomings in the light of my bad jokes, english humour, lateness, ignorance of school customs and rules and rowdiness at parties with which they had to put up with. Luckily my wife made up for many of my mistakes. Both of us would like to thank all of you for an excellent year. We hope we have made some friends, and that we shall be remembered for our good points and not the bad. For us the end of this year signifies the end of affluence, since we shall both be students in England next year. (So when you are in England call the Department of Geography, Reading University, Berkshire, England. — We may have a spare floor if you need it.) More important, however, it signifies the end of our time in Canada, and at the Grove School. We shall miss both very much indeed.

Good luck to all of you.

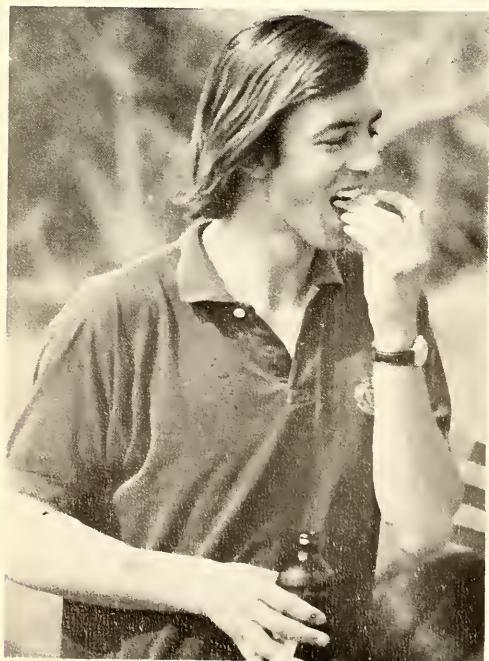
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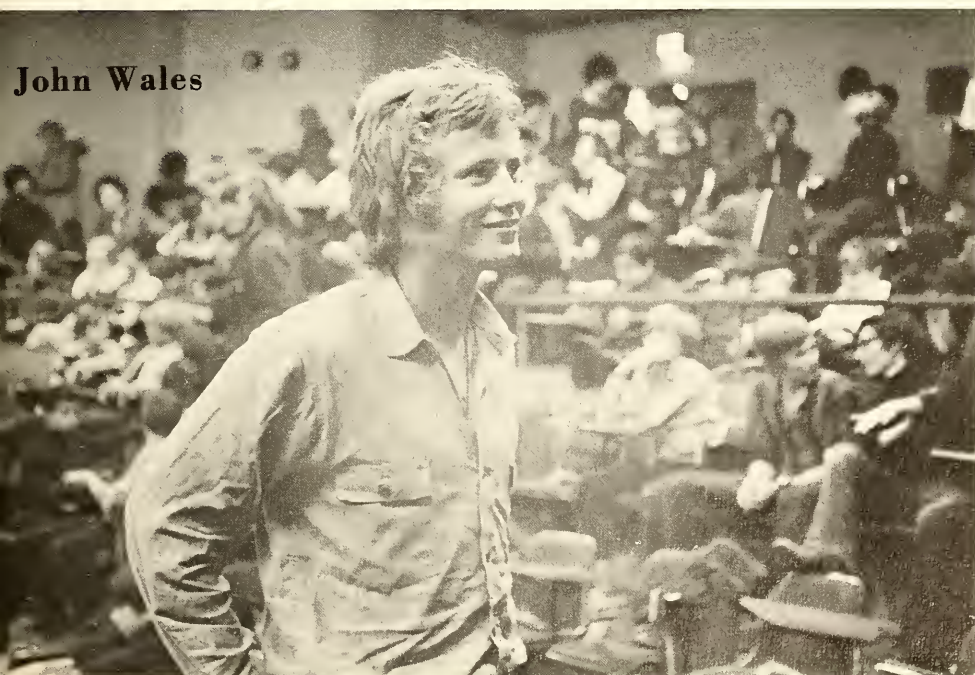
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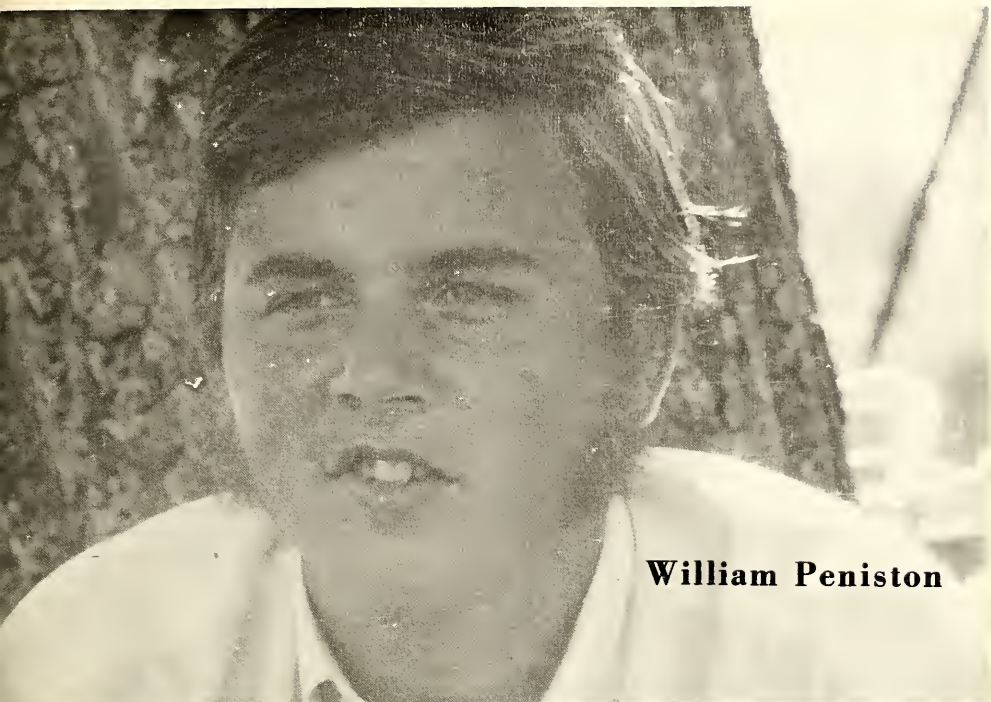
John Wales



Charles Reynolds



Brian Gordon



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Ian Hunt



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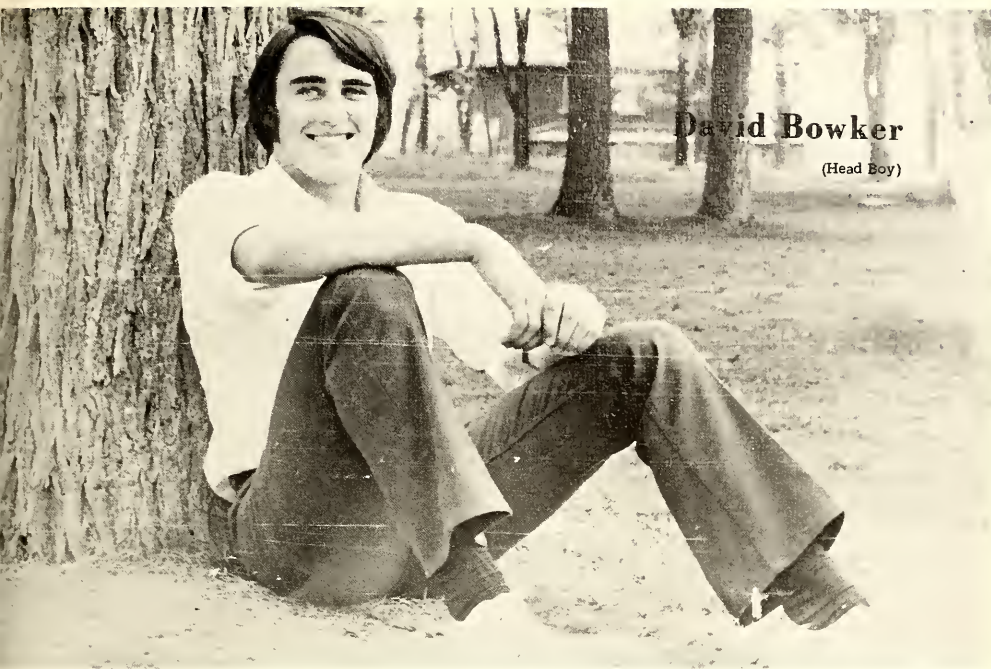




Tom Stoker



Scott Blackburn



David Bowker

(Head Boy)

HEAD BOY'S MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL

(June 10, 1972)

Perhaps the thoughts that have been foremost in my mind over the past few weeks have been concerned with my future, but the act of leaving brings with it a certain amount of nostalgia. Along with this nostalgia there is some reflection on and evaluation of the particular education that this school has given me. Today I would like to share with you some thoughts on what facets of this school's education make Lakefield College School rather unique.

The sea of identical green blazers here today would appear to reinforce the misconception held by many that individuality is a rare commodity at this school. To the contrary, the common denominator of all the activities, be it academic, athletic or extracurricular, would appear to encourage rather than discourage individuality and give the students that precious quality—self respect—surely the most important goal of any good educational system.

Apart from the individual initiative encouraged by the sports programme here, an important role in developing this sense of individuality are the many cultural activities of the school.

I have always been surprised by the great appreciation shown by the student body for the different cultural projects. At this school we are fortunate in having a very high standard of art, music and dramatics. Due to this calibre of work, students become aware of what is good Art, music and drama and what is bad. Throughout the year, students are exposed to many plays, many put on by the school and others by visiting dramatists. By the end of a year they are able to judge a play on the basis of their previous experiences, certainly this exposure makes them better able to criticize future productions. Always the toughest audience to act to is our school audience, not only are they honest in their reaction but also they know what to expect from a good performance, much the same is true in both Art and Music. Students become very sophisticated in their judgement of these two forms of expression. When boys have reached this standard, they receive a great deal of recognition from the rest of the student body. This is very important because it encourages boys to take part in these activities. This respect spreads further than just this cultural aspect of the school.

Many boys are involved in activities which only include a limited number of people. Such things as kayaking, that involves building them and racing in rapids, the model airplane club, working at the Day Care Centre in Peterborough, car tuning, and many more. Each separate activity involves only a few boys but these boys are respected for their ability to that particular hobby well. These many interests prepare a boy so that he will be able to have these activities for the rest of his life. The respect they receive is essential in the development of any individual. Any boy can branch off in a worthwhile direction; if he does it well he will receive the respect of the school which urges him on further. This makes him a much stronger person. It is not to say that everything we attempt is a great success, often a project will be a complete failure but it is soon forgotten and we move on to something else. This school allows him to do any project he wants, it is an ideal environment for the building up of a boy's character.

Much of the responsibility of these different aspects on school lay in the hands of the Grade Thirteens. They all had their particular job to do, whether it was first team tractor captain, or the Advertising of our plays, or handing our equipment, all were important. I would like to express my personal appreciation for all the help I received from my fellow classmates. Everyone worked very hard and because of it, we had a great year. As a mark of our own appreciation for what the school has given us, we have donated a spotlight for our theatre. Although we have an excellent theatre, we have inadequate lighting. We hope this gift will improve the situation slightly.

Finally, on behalf of the school I would like to congratulate Mr. Guest, on a very successful first year as Headmaster. It was difficult, because every situation he handled was a precedent and his decisions had to form a foundation for future action. He certainly did an excellent job. Thank you very much.

D.B.

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DRAMATICS



Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead

By Tom Stoppard

Directed by Andrew Harris

In an explosion of seemingly irrelevant and discordant visual sound, and apparently aimless flipping of coins, quips and questions, John Wales and David Bowker were given free rein to meet the test of a new dimension in unfettered drama, backed by a brilliant production team.

Showing remarkable restraint born of confidence, Andrew Harris, director and co., allowed John as Rosencrantz and David as Guildenstern to unfold this unique play before the audience's eyes as part of their existential development, leaving question marks quivering in the air.

No conventional confinement was arbitrarily imposed upon the Grove Players but the pattern evolves slowly as the main characters build a wordy mosaic in their desperate attempt, after rejecting the validity of given concepts, to find a meaningful cohesive force that would bind them to a place in the great dramatic events of the world around them.

The very blankness of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's lives gives meaning to their desperate search for some reason for their existence. So a structure is evolved from this drama about the "drama of inaction" and the inner struggles of its tightrope walkers between pointless birth and death. It is a tribute to this accurately controlled presentation that we are made to care about their equilibrium.

Tom Stoppard made theatrical history in elevating two attendant lords whose only moment in history was to transport Hamlet to his death, into lead roles in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead.

There is a calculated coherence in what first appears to be an off key jumble of words. The cast let the play reveal its ability to allow an enormous expansion of consciousness on the part of the audience who can have no preconceived notions of rigid theatrical predictability. If they keep their minds riveted on the action it unfolds like a flower to reveal at its blossoming the inherent structure that was always present.

This well done production forces the audience to overcome any initial irritation felt at the unfamiliar, inherent in all abstract art, so they can receive the gratification of seeing the pieces fall into place and feel the "meaningless" exchanges reach to the deepest strata of their unconscious minds.

With studied ease, John Wales and David Bowker become the Elizabethan characters summoned and left alone, cut off from the thriving life in the castle at Elsinore. Their futile mental exercises to pass time by tossing coins, and abortive attempts at conversation, introduce comedy into their feeling of abandonment. David Bowker as Guildenstern begins their almost religious quest for the ultimate truth by demanding to his friend that they are "entitled to some sense of direction". This sets off the dramatic device reminiscent of Vladimir and Estragon's dialogue as the tramps in Beckett's "Waiting for Godot". Using this stichomythia wherein antithesis and repetition are voiced by different characters, the comic outcome depends on ones grasp of the rhythm of the interchange.

This staccato cross talk, introducing constant snatches of themes and ideas has been said by critics to put this cosmological comedy into the loose definition of the "Hey, wait a minute theatre", because it over-rides the bond of selectivity and finds meaning in a random, non-edited investigation of what has been left out in the past.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's search for identity reflects the disharmony of our world where inherited dogmas no longer fit, role is not identity and self-realization eludes us.

Put into the mouths of Tom Stoppard's comic characters, the gloom lifts with exposure and the fearless pair's adventure takes on a haunting glory.

John Wales as Rosencrantz is alternately perplexed and smug providing the frivolity that lessens any painful revelation. With understandable "hypocrisy" his comedy blurs each shock with the distraction of his light-hearted bufoony.

Since the comic is the unusual, nothing surprises more than banality and preoccupation with trivia, such as cutting fingernails, in the midst of chaos.

David Bowker, as Guildenstern, is the perfect foil and straight man with his commanding grasp of the role of this serious character who sometimes shows hilarious impatience with his friends' meanderings.

Together on the suitable, almost bare stage, they try to zero in on what fortuitous discourse of atoms produced these creatures who are a puzzle to themselves. Without much action, they leave us spellbound. Knowing logic kills mystery, their questions go unanswered: "What have we got to go on?" "What does it all add up to?" They find themselves the victims of fate with a limited range of choice. They wait for someone, anyone, to enter their alienated state, where Guildenstern says each event is touched off by what went before. When they discover their mission and after Hamlet's "piracy", they even find solace in the concrete confinement of the ship, and their "duty".



Throughout the excellent verbal interplay, John Wales sustains his Chaplinesque quality — a quaint shuffling walk, restless finger drumming, wide grinning that dissolves quickly to puzzlement as he sacrifices his attractive face to the contortions and grimaces that bring life to his part.

David Bowker contrasts his portrayal with his serious mien, aided by his excellent bone structure, and deliberately fluid stage movements. Although Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are so often mistaken for each other that they begin to be confused themselves, no such mixup is allowed by these expert actors to invade their characterizations. David is more convincing as fearlessly standing on the edge of the abyss than the laughably befuddled Rosencrantz, though the latter endears himself most to the audience.

But amid the play's perfectly executed clowning and mordant flippancy, we are made to hear a distant voice, desolate and dolorous, of cosmic doom, stilled for a time by their touches of elevated humanity.

This play hangs on the single hinge of the need for the knowledge of why we (or they) are here as the only thing that lifts our lives from futility.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern cannot comprehend non-existence any more than they can hold on to a vacuum so they decide since Socrates said since we don't know about death it is illogical to fear it they will follow suit. They remove the menace from death as seeing it necessary for re-birth. Religions sometimes solve this dilemma by making little of life, and therefore death suggesting the opposite of tragedy is not comedy but perhaps Christian Science.

But Tom Stoppard's heroes are not death dodgers. Guildenstern states death is only absence of existence. Nothing but the ultimate meeting with reality will satisfy them or the audience.

This play's combination of slapstick and philosophy, and the use of illogical jest offers the spectators a chance to laugh at comic defeat and thus exorcise it from his own makeup, since Man's anxiety is at its worst when hidden.

Their diffusion of names comparable to Beckett's tramps show that no man's identity is the subsuming of his character by name alone.





Tam Matthews as Hamlet displays ease and composure in his brief scenes (a disciplined Grove player at his best) resisting well the trap of overplaying his part. He is slick in his offhand, uninvolved, verbal battles with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He even spits with finesse and damn the consequences. The only one who makes him lose his cool is Gail Elliot as Ophelia whose fresh beauty was seen too rarely; but again it was conducive to the plot. Gail's animated struggle with Hamlet and her fall to her knees in a cascade of blonde hair was a poetic highlight that pointed up the immobility of the lead characters lives. To all these fragmentary interruptions Rosencrantz cries "Incidents! Incidents! All we get are incidents! Oh dear God for some sustained action!" One wonders at this outburst if Tom Stoppard didn't plant the hope that "someone was watching or listening after all."

The incidents continue with Pamela as Gertrude and William Hope as Claudius reciting Shakespeare in elegant indifference to the men. Pamela's regal bearing and William's fine voice and bearded grandeur left Rosencrantz and Guildenstern suitably undone.

Nigel Young Chin as Polonius had a difficult part. It was necessary for him to appear as an audible actor while mumbling at times in his fawning attendance on the King. Nigel hit the right note; mannerisms and actions combined for the exact effect desired.

The set and props were a marvel of suggestion through simplicity. The three arches separated an avenue behind which history and great events paraded past the helpless pair and provided an entry into their bare lives at piecemeal intervals.

The stage crew did a masterful job in changing this set to the mood of a boat with only a sail, umbrella and chair plus three authentic barrels, an artistic achievement only Mr. Hayman could have made.

The white light was refreshing and gave realism to colour used for the sunrise. The only criticism is that the stage is noisy, even when Hamlet tiptoes, and it seems an unnecessary distraction in such a fine theatre.

As in "Waiting for Godot," Mr. Harris makes certain this presentation extracts from the idea of boredom and futility the most genuine pathos and enchanting comedy that raises our conception of human dignity.

But the questions must remain unanswered as this is the very point of the play. On finding out the letter they carry aboard ship authorizes their own death, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern seem almost satisfied and flattered. They are relieved they have some place in history, however small, which may give a meaning to their existence after all. They read it saying, "who would have thought we were so important? . . . that so much should converge on our little deaths?"

Rosencrantz fades muttering into the dark background leaving Guildenstern to represent all men dying alone. As he stands by himself the light fades to a pinpoint on his face; the suggestion is so good that it seems to convey his last and only "moment in the sun" before the winter dark encloses him. It is the perfect visual setup for his final statement: "Now you see me" blackout and the darkness into which he disappears finishes his sentence. The director wisely ended the play here instead of returning to Hamlet.

The winds blow through the gap of death, as Guildenstern had predicted, and there is no sound.

Patricia Matthews

One of the few breaks in their constant exchanges is provided by fleeting entries of the Player King, John Pace, and his nomadic Tragedians. He brings no consolation as he has lost his identity as a man and knows himself only as an actor, "We're the opposite of people", and presents mimes done by his troupe as "what people are supposed to do in life". The King asserts that he has been tricked out of the "single assumption that makes life tolerable; — that someone is watching". Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not need reminding that they feel no-one is there. Pace plays omnipotent to catch Wales in his most private thought. Was that 38 John?

Player Pace shows his wares knowing he has the best part for unleashed dramatic movement and eloquence. He has a special dramatic energy while on stage but his vociferousness at times seems deflated as he leaves as if to be recharged. With feet firmly planted on the shifting reality of his earth, he gestures wildly into the unanswering air. (His blocking is excellent as is the controlled choreographed chaos of the pirate scene).

John Pace gives the effect of total involvement, especially in speeches like his "blood, love and rhetoric", but an extremely well done performance is marred by one discordant note. The unrelieved stiffness of his hands, with fingers always spread so that at times he looks as if he is about to go for his guns, makes one wonder if his hands have a life of their own and a penchant for over-acting. This constantly improving actor would do well to the flourishing gestures of actors such as Stratford's William Hutt and note the relaxed hands until movements are indicated.

Ron MacAulay's slow, easy manner never impedes the progression, of the Tragedians — Ron is a master of constraint — and Jim Eayrs scores again with what must be perfect timing both in his costume-fumbling that adds to, but does not steal the show deliberately, and in his death scene which elicited spontaneous applause. Pat Frewer and Don Kirk stayed within their roles showing flashes of promise.

On seeing the death mime in which the counterparts of the actors include them, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern say "this is not real death", but the Player King assures them it is the only death the audiences believe. This points up the feeling of ones own immortality in the midst of death as a possible reason for the soul doctrine or a humane device to keep men "stark raving sane". One of the choice bits of comedy revolves around John Wales overcoming his horror at not knowing when he first knew of death, and knocks on the "coffin" box which is his only prop calling "Hey whatsyname, come out!"

John Wales' only possible improvement would have been not to run his words too closely together at times and David Bowker could have been a slight bit more animated as he sticks to his characters comment "give us this day our daily mask."

The Grove Players know the play and their parts so well that one is never aware of "lines". This is unusual in that it is unlike many "school" plays that, with the best of intentions and hard work, still assemble isolated incidents with actors only really aware of their cues and not the production as a whole.

Throughout the play Tam Matthews, Gail Elliot, William Hope, Pamela Jackson and Nigel Young Chin must compress their wide talents into patchy contacts with the leads.

The Dumb Waiter



In an institution such as Lakefield virtually every action one makes, and every thought a student has, is controlled, to some degree, by the faculty. Otherwise you will be creating a state of disorder and a possible chaos. In such a society run by bells, commands, and an allotted schedule, a lack of both individuality and self-discipline can be found. Both of these are important identities to the contemporary student, and the Grove has taken definite strides, in a good direction to create a form of individualism and self-discipline within its society. One such stride is the allowing of a student directed, student produced play to be entered into the Kawartha North Drama Festival.

This year Harold Pinter's "The Dumb Waiter" was chosen as Lakefield's entry, with Bill Hope and John Jarvis playing the parts of Pinter's Gus and Ben. After a lot of work and discussion between the director Bill Leckie and the two "superstars" (to quote a sentimental phrase) the play went on to win the festival in Peterborough, later to be defeated in Lindsay. Special thanks are given to John Fisher, Steve Jones, and Drew Milligan, the stage crew. Their names were not mentioned in any of the programs during the festival.

The production of "The Dumb Waiter" was both an emotional as well as extremely educational experience for those involved. This is usually the case when a considerable amount of time and work is put into the creation of a work of art. The production of Lakefield's entry in the 1971-72 festival was no exception. Both the glory of winning and agony of defeat were enjoyed, as these both helped to produce a complete and well rounded experience for all of us.

Bill Leckie



Billy Budd (Pullen House)

Tam Matthews directed this daring tale of treason on the *Seven Seas* with a flaring and skillful emphasis on melodrama. At the height of his performance, Bill Leckie, as Captain Vere, commanded his audience with some electrifying acting. The constant conflict between Vere and his three officers (Peter Earle, David Vatcher, and Tam Matthews) in defence of Budd plus that between the quartermaster (Scott Blackburn) and Budd created a tense and exciting atmosphere at the climax. Budd himself, played by Bill Richards, certainly was a rather convincing character who at times conveyed an appreciable sense of fear and anxiety. Matthews did, however, experience the vicissitudes of directing an intensely melodramatic plot, as the pace was prone to drop on occasion. The originality of the stage background coupled with the realistic portrayal of the story demonstrates the latent prerequisites of an excellent director in Matthews. Watch for Pullen House in the coming year!

House

review



The Deed (MacKenzie House)

Following the sober performance of Billy Budd, the audience was treated to the overwhelming tomfoolery of this melodramatic comedy. The audience easily gave its loudest response of the evening to the ever humble Humphrey (Peter Reid), the coniving meany Jake (Gordon Webb) with his comen: the fearless Sam (Paul Desmarais), the muscular Charley (Ian Hunt), and the truly gay Jones (Scott Elliott). Other characterizations worth mentioning include Ron Macauley as the lazy pa, little Ian Watson as the snappy country lawyer, and Timmy Haller as the always lovely Lu-u-u-a-u-u-u.

Gordon Webb directed this extravaganza and proved to be almost too inventive in his stage directions as he exploited every possible theatre exit during the performance. For the audience this often became quite confusing but after a while it was easy to appreciate what was happening. For *The Deed*'s suggestive set was used and despite being slightly wild was very effective.

In general it must rate as the most humorous play done by the Grove since Sneaky Fitch. It'll be a long time before we forget Scott Elliott in his gay attire saying, "Oh joy," at centre stage.



Plays

W.B. Brayley



If There Weren't Any Blacks You'd Have To Invent Them (Sheldrake House)

"Blacks" under the astute and capable direction of John Face, brought to this year's audience a powerful and emotional performance. The lead part, brilliantly played by David Bowker as the Elind Man, was backed by the strong acting of Bill Hope as the Backwards Man and Chris Clark as the persecuted Young Man. The emotion emanated from these three sources bounced over the heads of the weaker, lesser parts so that onstage the audience was continually bombarded by the searing heat of blatant animosity. An experienced cast maintained the emotional peaks like whipping tongues of flame from the mouth of a fire breathing dragon.

The challenge of directing this black comedy with its symbolic intents and religious, racial, and iconoclastic overtones demanded delicate guidance which it certainly received. The simplicity of the stage effects, the musical inserts and its dependence upon vocal perfection as contrasted with the elaborate visual effects and copious stage activity of the other plays constitute the reasons behind the success of "Blacks". Congratulations to director Face and company!

The Miller and His Men (Lefevre House)

Lest amid the unnerving barrage of scene changes the appeal of "Miller" was derived mostly from the ironical humour of the feisty-like Kevin Russell and the evil-minded John Jarvis as well as the antics of the fragile Count Fryberg (Taryl Urquhart) and his aid Karl (Thornly Stoker). Director John Wales, who also appeared in the vivid characterization of the Old Man, was crippled by the apparent complexituous script.

Most favourable recognition, however, is extended to the last scene where Wales displayed imagination in creating the impressive drawbridge - river effect. Here too was witnessed the hilarious swordfight between the desperate miller and heroic Luthair (Russell), the latter triumphantly defeating his villainous opponent. Wales' casting is to be commended for his even judgement in the utilization of the available talent. Although Mr. Wales' play had its moments, the constant hilarity of either the sincere but farcically ironic attempts at melodrama or the actual humorous dialogues did sustain a witty atmosphere, tending to eclipse its failures and leave the audience with a definitely favourable if memorable performance.



Griff gets his calculator.



"Now what we need is a computer."



SPORTS



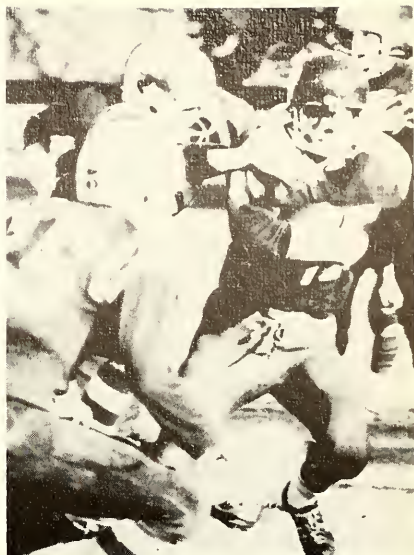


BACK ROW: Birket, Richards, Carre, Maher 1, Hunt, Gordon
 Peniston 11 (manager), Earle, Whitecross, Urquhart, Smith, T
 FRONT ROW: Agnew, Ashton, Ruby, Bowker, Blackburn, 1





er, Reynolds, Bell. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Milligan (coach),
er, Ronald, Jarvis, Reid, Sweeting (manager), Mr. Mader (coach).
psey, Lowes, Steiner, Lane.



The First Football Team

On September 25th, the 1st Team opened its season against the Old Boys. The latter, a much heavier, well disciplined, well greased team, who were rumored to have been practising all summer aboard Coach James' yacht, were able to maintain their victorious pattern by edging out a victory late in the game on a disputed play to win 16-12. Coach James will not be allowed to use his magic next year.

Our regular season started on Wednesday, September 29th against Pickering. After an excellent meal our boys realized the enjoyment of fine nourishment and continued the meal by "eating up" the opposition and winning easily 35-0.

The dessert was even better. The following week we played St. Andrews and "whipped" them 48-8. Then came coffee and liqueur, Trinity College. In one of the best all around team efforts I have ever seen, both as a player and as a coach, the Grove showed its best. At half time the score was 0-0. Trinity scored a touchdown in the second half to make it 7-0. Then the big red and green machine started to roll. One touchdown was scored, then late in the fourth quarter we scored again - final score 13-8. In a fine gesture the team asked me to present the game ball to John (ANIMAL) Pace for an outstanding effort. It was truly deserved (John had to give the ball back, for we only had two balls).

Unfortunately it seemed our season ended on that day, for the following week we played Appleby and Hillfield and lost to them both.

Appleby beat us 34-14 and Hillfield beat us 17-0, both teams showing excellent off-tackle running.

The boys however got hungry again and took their vengeance out on Ashbury. On Saturday, October 30, Coach Simpson brought his Bytowners to Lakefield, only to be defeated 21-17 in a game that was truly not won till the last play was over. Blackburn called an excellent game.

On Wednesday, November 3, the team left for "La Belle Province" to play games against John Rennie High School in Montreal and Stanstead College in Stanstead. The team won easily against John Rennie 28-2, and the next day traveled to the Eastern Townships for our second game. The cliché "the score was no indication of the play" is very appropriate in describing our game against Stanstead. We lost 40-12, but played one of the best games of the season. Jim Dempsey played his best game of the season. Stanstead was an excellent team, played well, and deserved to win; however, I was really proud of the Grove Firsts; they did an excellent job.

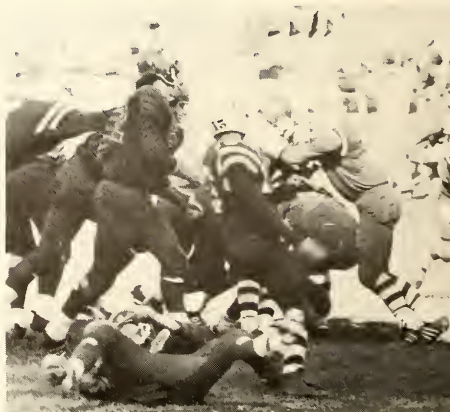
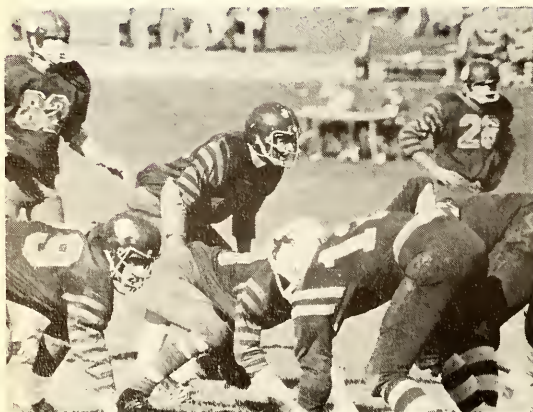
Many of the boys are in their final year and I would like to wish them the most of success both academically and athletically in their years ahead. They include: Rick Lane, Jeff Agnew, Chuck Reynolds, Ian Hunt, Brian Gordon, Kim Lowes, Jim Whitecross, Jim Dempsey, John Pace, Steve Maher, Tom Bell, Scott Blackburn, and David Bowker. To the rest of the boys, "Be ready next September".

Coach Mader



First Team Statistics

Old Boys Game	Lost	12-16	John Pace	Captain and Most Valuable Player
Pickering	Won	35- 0	David Bowker	Assistant Captain
S.A.C.	Won	48- 8	Scott Blackburn	Assistant Captain
T.C.S.	Won	13- 8	Kim Lowes	Assistant Captain
Appleby	Lost	14-34		
Hillfield	Lost	0-17		
Ashbury	Won	21-17		
Rennic, Sir John	Won	28- 2		
Stanstead	Lost	12-42		



The Harriers



BACK ROW: Robertson, Hunter, Haynes, Wisener, Russell, McLean, Mr. Dormer. FRONT ROW: Gunn I, Lee, Swaine, Schejbal.

One often associates the word harrier with cross-country running; at Lakefield however, there is much more to it. Harriers as defined by any of its members, means early mornings with Bullucks chickens and the dew, late afternoons with the brambles, cows and meadow muffins, and physical exertion and frustration under Dormers Death Drills.

Races, to Harriers, are mere formalities whereas the real test of one's stamina comes from simple day to day survival. Such greats as John Hunter and John

Haynes will be remembered, not by their skill for winning races, but by their ability to best sustain the scratches, stings, and odours involved with this sport.

Finally the word harriers signifies the obscure minority of the school who suffered the slight indignity of being "unpeople" at the Football Supper. Nevertheless, we all wish to thank Mr. Dormer for a profitable and rewarding year in the fields.

Andrew Gunn

Cross-Country Races



The annual cross-country competitions are probably the least appreciated but most beneficial athletic activities of the year. They provide a sense of accomplishment for all involved, even if it is only the fact that one was able to walk the required distance.

The half mile race, which is run on the football field is perhaps the most grueling race for the majority of the competitors for the entire race is run in the view of spectators, thus making any "breathers" which may be felt necessary, impossible. The results of the half mile are used for the two handicap races "The Cowley", and "The Seaforth". "The Grove" race is run at the end of the fall term, after the ground has suitably hardened and there is a good layer of snow.

This years' trophy winners were: Steve Jones (The Grove Challenge Cup), John Hunter (The Bagg Trophy), and John Wales, winner of the Monty Bull Trophy.

Jim Eayrs

The Third Football Team



BACK ROW: Mather 11, S. Elliott, Nairn, Morawetz 1, Fisher, Gastle 1, J. Fleming, Roberts. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Hodgetts, Lee 11, Ord, Leckie, Phillips, S. Jones, Brayley, Lannaman, Hope, Walker, McGrath, Aspinall 1, Mr. Burns. FRONT ROW: C. Abraham, Keavaney, B. Harrington, Waddell, Hermite, Kirk, Dolmer, Hamilton.



This year's third football coaching staff bred a team marked by the green and white jersey of excellence and motivated by passion to win. The two coaches demonstrated their unrelenting enthusiasm by driving our aching bodies through those long and gruelling workouts. In a nostalgic moment, I can still vividly recall the smiling exuberance of Mr. Burns as he commanded, "Halfway down and hold it there." on our nineteenth push-up. In the interests of winning, however, practices were legitimately helpful and all is now forgiven.

Although a running campaign was emphasized, the often spectacular razzle-dazzle continued to be a constant favourite among the fans. An exhilarating passing play, its success in setting up touchdowns deemed it close to infallible. The team was equally well-equipped in the '... hands that catch the ball' department.

At those times when the defence encountered some difficulty containing the opposition, the offence struck back with a vengeance. Defeat seemed intolerable. Our boys strove with an unmitigated fury; overpowering, crushing, exhibiting an indomitable initiative to drive themselves beyond the fragile limits of each man's endurance to that exalted pedestal of the victor. Although I doubt it, such a spirited inferno of inner motivation may be present in all competitive teams, but in our team it was a "Tiny" amount stronger. As indicated by the scores below, it is a dramatic difference!

Team Record

L.C.S. — 20	T.C.S. — 2
L.C.S. — 14	P.C.V.S. — 6
L.C.S. — 8	T.C.S. — 7
L.C.S. — 20	T.C.S. — 12
L.C.S. — 20	Appleby — 1
L.C.S. — 20	Hillfield — 1
L.C.S. — 64	Ashbury — 0
L.C.S. — 26	Ridley — 6

Scott Brayley

The Fourth Football Team



BACK ROW: McBride, Conlin, Richardson, McEwen, F. Elliott, Harris 1, Roy, C. Jones, Sutherland, C. Anderson, P. Anderson, Thompson. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Harris, Murphy, Langdon, Reddick, deBustin, Sherrin, Haller, MacLaren, Patterson, Caron, Southam, Mr. Armstrong. FRONT ROW: Tindale, Mogan, Howe, Symons, C. Gastle, Hyde, Frewer, MacTavish.

The greatest disappointment to the fourth team came not in losing but with the season's end. The older and heavier Pickering seconds, who had beaten us 12-0 in our season's opener cancelled our return match. The disappointment our players felt at not getting another crack at Pickering is an example of the spirit of the third team. Lacking experience (a lot of us playing our first year of football) the team was constantly learning the basic fundamentals of both individual and team play. Our coaches did a great job of making a team of their players. We played a fairly relaxed game and everybody gained a lot of experience.

On paper our season looks very successful, but more important, I think everyone on the team had fun. The second team can expect some good material for their 72 squad.

Pat Frewer



Team Record

L.C.S. - 0	Pickering - 12	L.C.S. - 24	U.C.C. - 6
L.C.S. - 23	Ridley - 6	L.C.S. - 35	U.C.C. - 0
L.C.S. - 35	T.C.S. - 0	L.C.S. - 35	T.C.S. - 6
L.C.S. - 0	S.A.C. - 8	L.C.S. - 28	T.C.S. - 0
L.C.S. - 41	T.C.S. - 24		

The First Soccer Team



BACK ROW: Mr. Jones, Jones 11, Aspinall 11, Hogarth, Alexander. FRONT ROW: Eayrs, Pattison, Machold, Colterjohn, Molson, Wilson 1, Abraham 11, Coates.

The first team soccer had a very unfortunate season this year. Many times we faced teams much larger and better than ourselves, but our losses to these teams can not be attributed to not trying. Our last game, and most successful game, was against Pickering College; we tied them three all.

We had another Aspinall representing us this season; John led our forward line in the usual Costa Rican style. Although we had a bad season I am sure the whole team enjoyed the experience, and a few of us will remain behind next year and support the team in hope of more success.

Michael Colterjohn



First Team Hockey

Independent School Hockey League

L.C.S. First Team Statistics

Player	Goals	Assists	Points
Jim Dempsey	16	25	41
Phil Hermitte	16	19	35
Richard Lane	15	16	31
Scott Blackburn	12	16	28
Tom Gastle	13	10	23
an Hunt	8	15	23
Shaun Ashton	6	7	13
Bradley Holt	4	7	11
Brian Harrington	4	5	9
Steve Maher	4	5	9
Tom Morawetz	3	6	9
Francis Ronald	0	6	6
Philp Tuck	1	3	4
Jeff Steiner	2	0	2
Charles Reynolds	0	2	2
Peter Ried	1	2	3
Sam Matthews	0	2	2
Bill Hope	1	0	1
John Haynes	1	0	1

	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Lakefield	10	8	2	0	16
U.C.C.	10	8	2	0	16
Trinity	10	8	2	0	16
Appleby	10	2	6	2	6
Ridley	10	0	6	4	4
S.A.C.	10	0	8	2	2

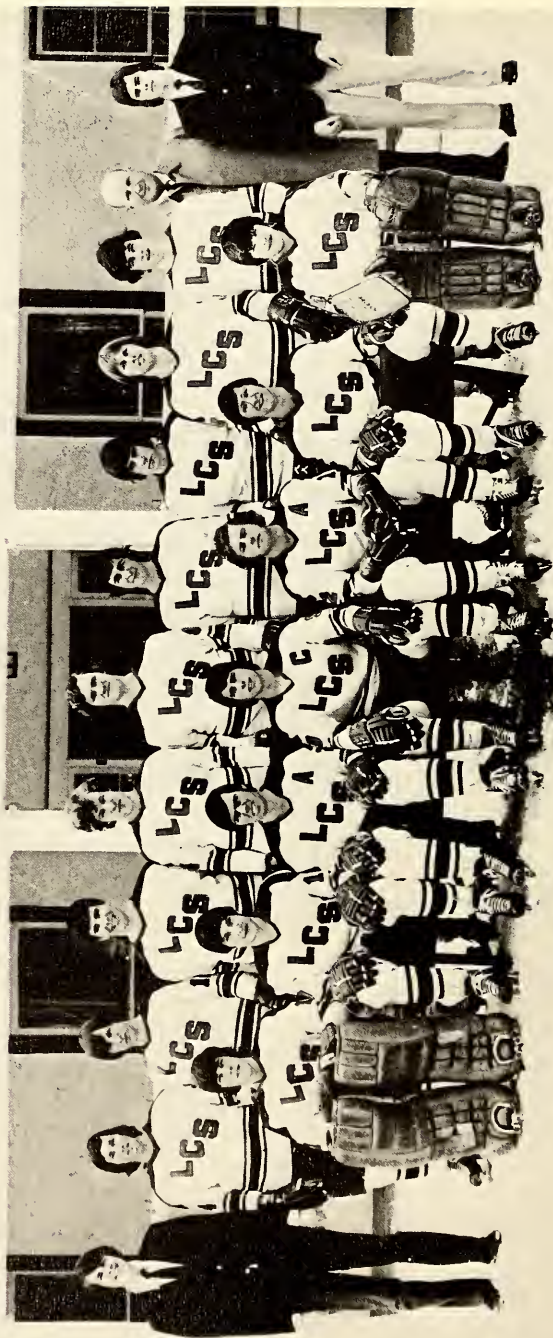
Team Record

L.C.S. vs.			
Crestwood	won	3-1	
T.C.S.	won	3-2	
T.C.S.	won	3-2	
Crestwood	lost	2-1	
Appleby	won	5-0	
Fenelon Falls	won	11-0	
Ashbury	won	7-5	
T.C.S.	lost	7-3	
Bancroft	won	6-0	
P.C.I.	won	5-0	
Nichols	won	4-2	
Glenview Park	tied	5-5	
P.C.I.	won	4-2	
U.C.C.	lost	4-0	
T.C.S.	won	4-3	
Brighton	won	2-0	
Ridley	won	4-0	
U.C.C.	won	4-3	
Brighton	won	6-2	
S.A.C.	won	7-3	
Bishops' J.Vs.	lost	8-6	
Alexander Galt	won	4-1	
Bancroft	won	default	
Appleby	won	4-2	

Goalkeepers Average

	Games	Shutouts	Goals Ag.	Avg.
Dalje			33	2.75
Mogan	12	4		
Matthews	12	4	26	2.16

Games Played - 24, Won - 19, Lost - 4, Tied - 1



The First Team

BACK ROW: Webb, Ashton, Hermite, Harrington 1, Tuck, Reynolds, Gastle 1, Holt, Ronald, Morawetz 1, Mr. Armstrong, Whiteross. FRONT ROW: Matthews, Hunt, Maher 1, Dempsey, Blackburn, Lane, Moqan.



Four years have elapsed since the reorganization of the Independent Schools Athletic Association into a six team hockey league and while our school has never finished lower than third place, it was always felt that a higher position was possible. This hope was finally realized in this past season, 1971-72, when the L.C.S. Hockey Team tied for first place with U.C.C. and T.C.S., all with identical records of 6-2. The overall record for the year was an admirable 20-4-1.

Memorable matches during the season were the 4-2 win at Nichols School at Buffalo N.Y.; a 5-5 tie with Glenview Park Secondary School of Galt after being behind 5-1 in the third period; a 4-1 win over

Sir Alexander Galt Regional High School of Lennoxville, Quebec, a game in which we were shorthanded a majority of the time; and the finest victories of the year, two 4-3 wins against U.C.C. and T.C.S.

The team was anchored by a group of experienced forwards led by the captain, Jim Dempsey. He ended his five years on the First Team as leading scorer for the fourth year in a row and was the deserving winner of the Lefevre Trophy as the Most Valuable Player. The experience of Richard Lane also played a very important part in our success and he along with Ian Hunt and our favourite American, Scott Blackburn will be sorely missed next year. Steve Maher must be mentioned for his display of hard work and willingness to play wherever he was needed. Chuck Reynolds, while only taking part in half the season, also played an important role.

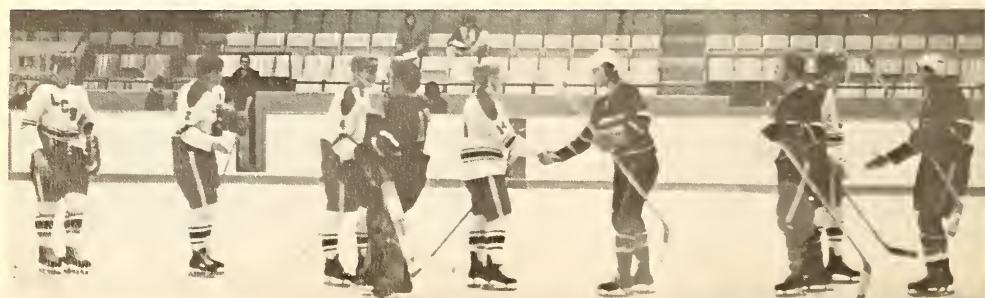
I would like to thank the graduating players for the effort they displayed and the leadership they showed in helping this team to its fine year.

Our entire defensive unit returns next year and if the goaltending of John Mogan and Tam Matthews improves as much as it did this year and they perform as well, there will be the chance of another first place finish.

Some fine young players are ready for the First Team and they will fit in nicely with the holdovers and Tom Gastle, Phil Hermitte and Brian Harrington who should be the team leaders next year.

Bob Armstrong





Second Team Hockey



BACK ROW (l-r): C. Peniston, Jarvis, Waddell, Reid, Haynes, Urquhart, Hope, Frewer, Mr. Harris. FRONT ROW: Agnew, Hunter, Schejbal, MacAuley, Wales, Steiner.

The second team had a poor season. We won over 50% of our games but the result is poor because we started with one of the strongest teams for a number of years in many people's opinion.

We seemed to suffer from a lack of interest as the season went on. Why? No one really knows.

Injuries hurt us. The loss of Pat Frewer, one of our top goal getters, due to a back injury was one stroke of bad luck.

Joe Schejbal pulled a Tam Matthews trick and in his first season was terrific. He consistently gave us the big saves and was often our saviour.

Jon Wales, our captain for the second year, and Bill Hope led our defence.

Forwards were plentiful and showed lots of weight but didn't manage to find the net often enough. Top scorer was Haynes.

Our thanks to Mr. Harris who was a very capable and enthusiastic coach. Hopefully some rockies can instill more enthusiasm next year.

John Haynes.



Third Team Hockey



BACK ROW: McEwen, Mr. Milligan, Symons, Phillips, Molson, C. Gastle, P. Anderson, Mr. Hodgetts. FRONT ROW: Roberts, S. Elliot, Haller, Reddick, Eayrs, Hyde, Wilson.

The thirds had a very successful season this year and not only from a productive standpoint. Under the two-coach system (pirated from the Russians) Mr. Milligan and Mr. Hodgetts guided the team to an impressive 8-2-2 record. What was even more rewarding though, they instilled in each individual a devotion to the team cause. That is a fundamental lesson, and an important value to grasp for the young athlete . . . team spirit before self-interest . . . defeat does not rest . . . When the skates are hung up for the last time, those ideals which can only be derived from a team experience will not be forgotten.

Thanks again to Mr. Hodgetts and Mr. Milligan for an unforgettable season.

Jim Eayrs



Fourth Team Hockey



BACK ROW: Armour, Colterjohn, McBride, Harrington 11, Sherrin, MacTavish, Roy, Conlin, Sutherland, Mr. Jones. FRONT ROW: Gray, Patterson, Abraham 11, Keavaney, Caron, P. Anderson, Thompson.



What can I say about a hockey team which lost the greater percentage of their games. I can make all sorts of excuses as in any bad event. I can lie through my teeth, or put the blame on certain people. However to write about what this team deserves is to write of the enthusiasm displayed by the players throughout the whole season. Ours was not a team of goats and stars but that of complete equilibrium. We were never under or over confident. When a game was won or tied we were proud. When a game was lost we knew we played our hearts out, so it didn't matter.

The most incredible game we played was the first Cresnet match. The two games before we had lost badly against Ridley and U.C.C. The third team back-up goalie played with us and consequently we won our only victory of the season.

Rob Paterson

The Ski Team



Left to Right: Don Kirk, Gavin Langmuir, Doug Hogarth, Clive Ord, Peter Mather.

Over the past years, the ski team has been little more than a group of self proclaimed ski-racers, thrown together two days before a meet, and then disbanding. Under the capabilities of such past greats as John Viets and Tim Hague, the ski team managed to fair pretty well.

This year, as the racing events loomed closer, I expressed my discontent of the handling of the team, and requested to know at least who the coach and captain were. The two posts were then thrust upon me, and with soaring dreams of greatness and success, I tried to "organize" a proper team. To my surprise, I only had one week to train my group of olympic hopefuls. The best racer in the school could not attend the first meet, for he was summoned by Bob Armstrong (coach of the 1st hockey team) to play hockey for him instead of race for me.

Yet all has not been lost, for through many a protest by both Mr. James and myself, we have been given an official go ahead for next year's team.

I wish to thank Mr. James for his invaluable transporting facilities of both boys and equipment, and his thorough backing, and a special thanks to my fellow racers for putting up with my unexperienced handling of the team.

Don Kirk



Ted Pope Day



Winner of the Ted Pope Ski Day
 The H. E. (Ted) Pope Trophy Scott Blackburn
 Second Alan Walker
 Third Thornley Stoker



The Grove Ski Patrol

Left to Right: Stephen Jones, John Lee, Gordon Howe, Peter Birkett, Andy Gunn, Grant Harris. ABSENT: Michael de la Roche and Skyler Jones.

This year, our ski patrol consisted of eight members; Michael de la Roche as head patroller with Peter Birkett, Stephen Jones, John Lee, Andy Gunn, Skyler Jones, Gordon Howe, and Grant Harris. The ski patrol course is given by the Canadian Ski Patrol System (C.S.P.S.), and requires ten weeks of three hour instruction periods. At the end of this time there are written and practical tests for all patrollers. A first-year patroller is required to attain an average better than seventy-five percent and pass an "on-the-hill" exam before being allowed to patrol in his probationary year. A veteran patroller must acquire an eighty percent or better average.

At the start of the course there is always considerable enthusiasm and expectations, but as it becomes evident that the course is far from easy, the number of potential ski patrollers drops quickly. The C.S.P.S. course is one of the most thorough and rigorous Canadian first-aid courses available to the public. It is the one first-aid course at the Grove that is really put into immediate practice.

Instead of working under the C.S.P.S., we are working with it this year as a private patrol. We established ourselves as a private patrol for convenience, identification, and team spirit's sake. Throughout the years we have been gaining recognition as a competent ski patrol, and this year we have gained or have been granted profound recognition. The Grove Patrol, besides patrolling responsibilities, has also been involved in running the ski program at the school.

Stephen Jones



The Slowing Stalwards vs. the Grade Thirteen

As sporting as ever, the Lakefield masters challenged the Grade 13 class to soccer, baseball and cricket games. Unfortunately the cricket was rained out and thus Mr. Macrae was heard to emit a deep sigh of relief. In the soccer encounter the vets' lineup was bolstered with three flashy rookies: Grant, Milligan and Lang. Venerability reined supreme that day as the final score was 7-1 for the senior citizens.

Despite the lack of a cricket match there were two baseball games in which Mr. Hayman showed us that anyone who could swing a cricket bat could belt a soft ball. Thanks to K.G.B. Burns (who struck out 3 times) the old smoothies were able to slip by 15-14. In the return match with Mr. Jones concentrating on the opposition's vocabulary rather than the game the grey hairs were thoroughly thumped 19-9.

These games produced many memorable moments. In the soccer there was Mr. Jones' solo scoring effort and Tacky Bell engaging in bullying wee Andy Harris. Mr. Hodgetts was constantly finding himself in the path of the soft ball whenever he was on the field.

In summation the total points for the masters was 31 and for the boys 34 and on this basis we, the Chronicle Staff, give the series to the young studs who, by the way should have fired Agnew as soccer goalie. In closing the Men from Mash had better be on the look out. Next year there will be twice as many thirteeners as there were this year!





Left to Right: Thornley Stoker, Mr. Reddick, Billy Richards, Douglas Bunker, John Shuter, David Bowker, Billy Peniston, Frank Ronald, Rick Lane, Tack Bell, Daryl Urquhart, John Face.

This was the first year of our new team, First team tractor, and the members of it had an exciting season, but unfortunately we lost the majority of our games. Several obstacles stood in the way of victory. Ditches, fences and stone steps hindered our progress, even the occasional questioning to the function of "that stick" on the floor of the tractor. Although most of the team was made up of greenhorns, we must have impressed somebody with our skill, for I hear the school is going to purchase a new tractor for next year; our present one seems to be in a state of disrepair.

T. Bell (co-captain)

S.L.A.S.H.

(Senior League All-Star Hockey)



There is a touch of the burlesque in this title which makes it appropriate. Anyone who has seen this gang in action will agree that their style of play is something of a parody on the experts, and one is bound to deduce that the only possible reason for their being out there on the ice is because they enjoy it. Precisely.

This point was demonstrated in the season's statistics:

PLAYED - 4, LOST - 4, GOALS - 11, GOALS AGAINST - 22

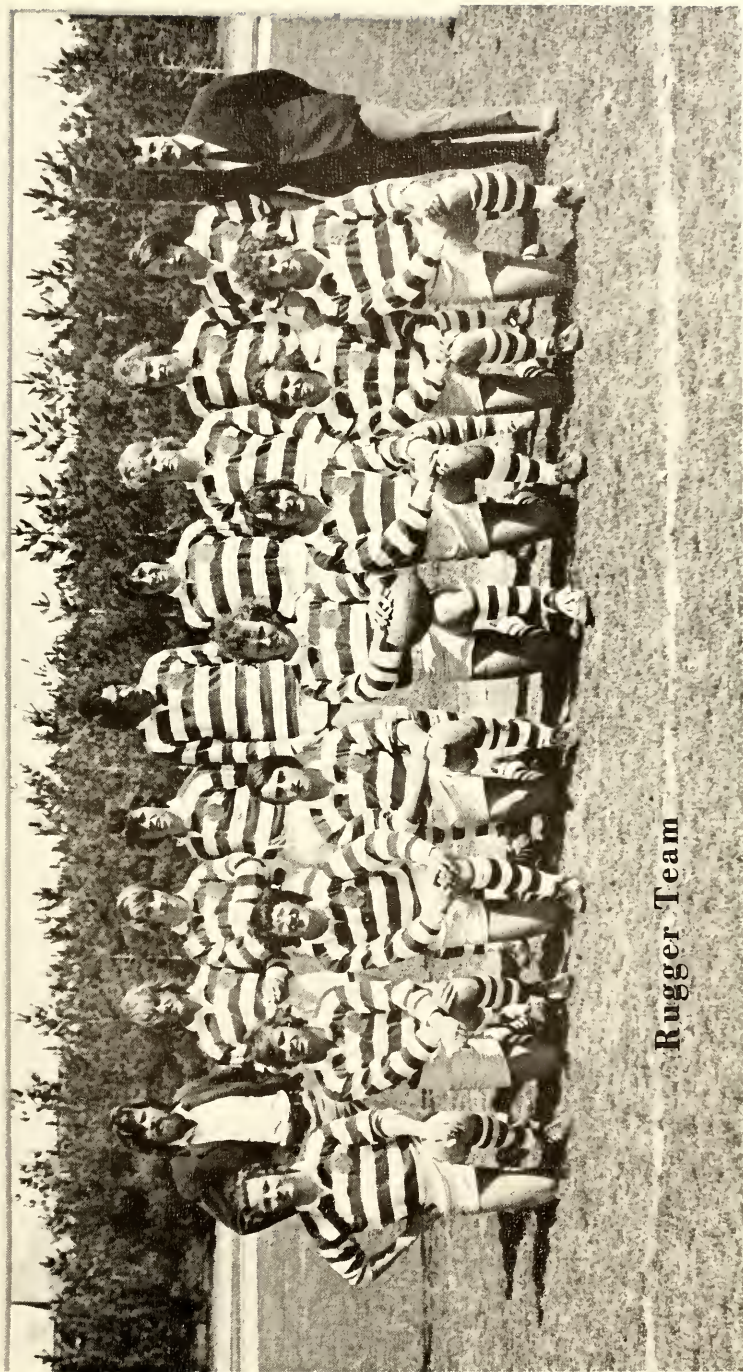
It was most evident each afternoon on the outdoor rinks where the men from SLASH met to choose up sides and play their free-wheeling brand of hockey in driving winds, falling snow, and finally on a mixture of slush and bare ground. It is under these conditions that real hockey players are made; take for instance Mr. Grant, the co-coach, who started from scratch and eventually became the first English import on the staff team!

We enjoyed ourselves, tired ourselves, and swallowed a lot of fresh air. A good season.

MOST VALUABLE HACKER - Doug "the Boom" Bunker.

MOST IMPROVED WACKER - Jay "the Rock" Rankin.

Mr. Hayman, Ronald, Richards, Shuter, Wrathall, Brayley, Ried, Abraham, Colterjohn,
Mr. Grant, Wales, Lowes, Lane, Bowker, Face, Smith, Aspinall, Blackburn. ABSENT: Stoker.



Rugger Team

Rugger

To many people rugger appears to be a refereed game of "hog the ball", players seemingly stand little chance of surviving more than a couple of games. Actually rugger is a very sophisticated game requiring much discipline and "ball handling" ability. It combines the physical training and running ability of football with the cool-headed, calculated moves of hockey. Internationally, rugger has gained considerable respect, this year it was registered as an official Olympic sport. Regionally, it also has increased in popularity, many teams are being formed by the district High schools, these teams provide the majority of our competition.

In the past, we have earned the reputation of having a strong rugger team, this year we were able to live up to that reputation. As usual our scrum was considerably outweighed, but with the services of our Costa Rican import "Winky" Aspinall (the hooker), the backs got much of the ball. In the lineouts we had "Wilt" Wrathall who often knocked the ball back to the scrum half, Colterjohn. The backs (Pace, Blackburn, Bowker, Lane, Jarvis) whenever in possession of the ball posed a threatening attack. The team was reinforced by the tough tackling of Richards, Reid, Smith, and Wales, and if they failed we always had Ronald at fullback to save the day.

Although many teams have potentially very good players, they are often quite unimpressive on the field. A player must learn the technique of rugger before he can apply his skills effectively, this training comes from the coach. We were most fortunate in having Mr. Hayman as our coach, not only is he an excellent player himself but he was able to teach us the skills of the game. Mr. Grant assisted in the coaching and he helped us considerably. Much of our success was due to their coaching, to them, a sincere thank you from the team.

David Bowker.





L.C.S. vs. Thomas A. Stewart	won	12- 9
L.C.S. vs. Thomas A. Stewart	won	24- 3
L.C.S. vs. P.C.I.	lost	11-10
L.C.S. vs. Thomas A. Stewart	won	33- 6
L.C.S. vs. Appleby	won	14- 3

First Cricket Team



School Matches

Names	H.S.C.	U.C.C.	B.R.C.	Batting		App.	Total Times Out		Avg.
				T.C.S.	U.C.C.				
P. Hermitte	16	2	33	0	4	14	69	6	11.50
S. Ashton	9	17	2	11		13	52	5	10.40
C. Reynolds	25	1	4	6	8 no	3	47	5	9.40
E. Dolmer	2 no	6 no	13	0		0	21	3	7.00
I. Hunt	0	7	7	4	17	1	36	6	6.00
K. Lowes		17	0	4			17	3	5.70
J. Hunter	0	4	4 no	10	—	0	18	4	4.50
W. Peniston	12	11	0	0	2	0	25	6	4.20
D. Roberts			2			2 no	4	1	4.00
S. Maher		0	0	7		0	7	3	2.33
J. Agnew		4	1	3		0	6	4	2.00
N. Young Chin		1				1	2	2	1.00
J. Steiner					25	9	33	2	—

no — means not out
compiled by Mr. J. M. Macrae and Geoffrey Lee

Note — The games against the "Old Boys" and the Peterborough Whittaker Cricket Club — where termed 'exhibition' games.

Names	Runs	Whickets	Bowling		Maidens	Avg.
			Overs			
J. Hunter	123	18	83		28	6.83
K. Lowes	72	9	35		11	8.00
P. Hermitte	143	13	51		13	11.00
C. Reynolds	36	3	10.5			12.00

Others: J. Agnew; W. Peniston; J. Steiner; S. Ashton.



Spring was reluctant to let the Cricket season begin, but once we started to play she seemed to relent, and provided us with the best weather we could wish for. Only in the final match did we experience rain, and then it rescued us from defeat. The enthusiasm of our players blended well with the fine weather to produce a completely enjoyable season.

Our first match was played with a composite First and Second Eleven against Hillfield-Strathallen, in Hamilton. We battled it out, and with extreme caution pushed our score to 71 for 6 wickets, having used two-thirds of the playing time, decided to declare. The early Hillfield bats responded splendidly to the challenge; Allard and De Groot combined for a quick 52, while four others carried the score to 73 with time to spare.

In all the remaining matches there was little doubt that our bowling was of much better calibre than our batting. We often went down to defeat, but never because of an inability to take wickets. John Hunter bowled particularly well with a fast, penetrating ball at few batsmen were able to control, and ended the season with a 33 average. He was particularly effective in our matches with all seconds, taking 4 runs for 10 wickets in Toronto and 4 for 13 at home. With this part of bowling, our batsmen were not too hard pressed in reaching the long ends of the scores.

At Ridley we played the Seconds on their magnificent First team wicket. Ridley were more at home on it than we proved to be, however, knocking up 109 runs, 44 of which came from Patterson, 3 from Willmot and 15 from Lawson. Again our batting was not strong, but Philip Hermitte came through with a 33 and carried our score to a respectable 68. Philip always brings colour to the game with his excellent fielding and driving bat. Like most batsmen, he doesn't always come off, but when he does he frustrates bowlers with his forceful play and serves his team well. With such performances he well earned the batting prize.

It is always a pleasant afternoon and a good ticketing experience when we play T.C.S. Firsts, even though the score is usually lopsided. This year our good bowling made their scoring slow, and upon reaching 100 they declared with eight wickets down. High scores were Haynes with 37 and Chin with 25; Both fine performances. In reply we had two wickets down for no runs, and 3 down for 9. An awkward start! Eleven by Ashton and ten by Hunter got us under way and we managed to reach a total of 42.

Appleby came to us this year for a match that is always looked forward to. Their opening bowler, Casper, took six of our wickets for 13 runs, and our only batsmen able to come off were Hermitte, Ashton and Teiner with 14, 13 and respectively, a sizeable part of our lean total of 47. Appleby obviously disliked Hunter's bowling, but Thorn, Knaggs and MacFarlane batted patiently for 23, 10 and 8 runs when the thunderstorm hit and robbed them of a well-deserved victory.

Besides these school matches we had the annual outings with Peterborough Whitaker C.C. and the Old Boys. Both were relaxed afternoons with scores in our favour. The Old Boys match will be reported fully in the Grove News.

Mr. Macrae



The First Cricket Team



BACK ROW: Lee, Young Chin, Maher, Peniston, Reynolds, Dolmer, Steiner, Mr. Macrae. FRONT ROW: Agnew, Hunter, Hermitte, Hunt, Lowes, Roberts.

Second Team Cricket



BACK ROW: Fuller, F. McKel, A. Gunn, Naim, Armon, C. Peniston, FRON: ROW: Sutherland, Connor, Patterson, Keaveney, Hallett



After losing six games consecutively (in the course of a nine game season) a team would be expected to loose its enthusiasm, but this is not so with at least half of the Second Team Cricket. Granted, there were those few who were disgusted with the record and tried to abolish the game altogether. However there was the "majority" who had displayed a "Love" (to use a trite expression) for the game all season. It was with this "majority" that we won our T.C.S. game. It was this "majority" who really were rewarded by this game. It was this "majority" who had fun throughout the whole season — and isn't that what it's all about?

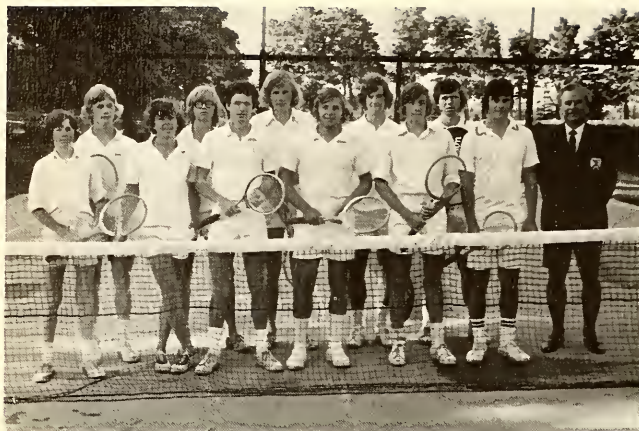
R. Patterson

The Cricket season at the Grove is a short one. It starts late — the snow had left the field only a week before our first game and is subject to all the diversions of a busy spring term. The second team functioned practically on their own and a special note of appreciation is due to Rob Patterson captain and fire of the team. Despite many an afternoon in the burning sun or pouring rain I enjoyed my time as umpire and titular coach of the team. Cricket is a team game but the enthusiasm and good play of each member makes the team. The one game of the seven we won showed a thrilling display of catches that really stung the hands and diving slides before balls that were burning through the grass. Until you play cricket with enthusiasm for your own part and the teams it is hard to appreciate what a good game cricket is. To the boys of the second team my thanks for a good show despite many discouragements.

Mr. McDougall



Tennis at Lakefield



Coates, Reid, J. Aspinall, Molson, Desmarais, Carre, Lowes, B. Gordon, S. Maher, P. Mather, Dr. Krenz.

Tennis has been a popular sport at Lakefield ever since I can remember, but its popularity has increased tremendously in the last year or so. The two courts given to the School by Johnnie Davis are in continuous use during every available moment of the day (I have records to show it) and there are almost always boys waiting to play. While there is no doubt in my mind that boys at Lakefield should play team sports — they will all too soon lose this opportunity as they grow older — I am struck by the number of boys who play tennis after team practices, after meals, on weekends; in fact, at any time when the courts are available and there is a moment to spare.

The popularity of tennis at Lakefield seems to be part of a Canada-wide trend in the last two or three years. Tennis — fostered by organizations like the Ontario Lawn Tennis Association — has drawn more and more interested youngsters every year. However, the trend at Lakefield has undoubtedly been given impetus by players like Tim Hague, who raised the quality of play during his years at the School to the point where serious thought could be given to interschool competition. This year has seen several interschool matches, culminating by Lakefield into the S.A.A. tournament at Ridley, which featured seeded Ontario junior players like Stewart Watt and Peter Oss. Our entry consisted of a four-man team captained by Kim Lowes. About as we had expected, Lakefield won no points; but the quality of Lakefield play convinced the coaches at Ridley and T.C.S. that Lakefield should be included in future tournaments. Strong and dependable service and steady ground strokers kept Lakefield players in the game. Points were lost on tactics and forced errors — largely due to the slowness of Lakefield footwork.

The future of Tennis at Lakefield looks bright with competent young players like Peter Reid and John Aspinall in Grade 10 and 9, respectively; though another Grade

9 player, John Molson, will be going to highschool in Montreal next year. We are fortunate in having the excellent courts at Trent University for winter practice. We are also fortunate in having the interest and support of parents like W. H. "Pete" Reid. What we need is more organized and supervised practices, more matches and contact with players outside of the immediate group in the School, better-qualified coaching and at least one more tennis court. We're working on all of these. Tennis, anyone?

F. H. Krenz



Steve Maher — School Tennis Champion

Regatta Sunday



DOUBLES

Senior: Bowker — Pace
Intermediate: Rogers — Matthews
Junior: D. Gordon — Lawrence
Bantam: Kennedy — Duffield

KAYAK RACES

Senior: Ste. Jones
Intermediate: D. Lewis



SINGLES

Senior: Blackburn
Intermediate: Matthews
Junior: D. Willson
Bantam: Grand



OVER ALL SWIMMING

Senior: I. Fleming
Intermediate: McBride
Junior: Lawrence
Bantam: K. Harris



The spring of '72 was witness to a most successful term at the lakefront, mainly due to the keen interest exemplified by a small but dedicated group of students. The lakefront has finally come into its own as a valuable training centre for the school in nearly every aspect of modern-day water activity.

To begin with our kayak fleet was nearly tripled in size over the past year. Under the careful scrutiny of Mr. Hodgetts, a respectable armada of seven kayaks can be viewed each day performing a myriad of functions. From merely paddling up and down the lake in a leisurely manner to the fierce challenge of a slalom course of attempting the exhilarating "rolling" technique the kayaks have proven to be an excellent facility for recreation as well as presenting an additional method of enjoying the magnificent waterfront which we possess.

Just recently a kayak mould was purchased by the school and with this it is hoped that a large fleet will be developed for the school at a minimum cost.

Sailing once again proved to be a most successful venture as all of our eight albacores and four sprites were used quite extensively, especially by the Junior School. Every afternoon Mr. James, who incidentally worked most diligently at the lakefront this year, had his Junior School charges fiercely competing for the Happy Return Trophy of the A. and W. Sprite Races. Although there was no formal racing program for the senior school, every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon, along with the Junior School members, there was a consistent turnout for the coveted "Pink Pot" sailboat races which have risen to a position emblematic of sailing superiority at Lakefield.

The boat house was also kept continually in use all year with numerous boys attempting to re-finish their own boats and in one case, Michael de la Roche built his own Flying Junior class sailboat.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the lakefront season was the second annual regatta which was marked by kayak, canoe and sailboat races, blessed with ideal weather and immensely enjoyed by all who participated. It proved to be a most successful day and it has definitely become entrenched as a regular spring feature on the Grove calendar.

All in all the lakefront once again was the focal point of spring activities and it was quite evident that in varying degrees all students make use of and enjoyed the lakefront.

Greg Cockburn



Boat Committee





Windeyer Cup '72

This year's battle for the school sailing championship proved to be an exciting series, one that kept all involved most interested with the perennial champion, Tam Matthews, declining entry due to academic pressure and other extracurricular activities, and series was definitely opened to all comers. Nineteen crews entered in all, with a series of heats eliminating thirteen of them, leaving six crews to battle in the finals.

Right from the beginning it was evident that the series was going to be a battle between Doug Abbott and Junior Schools Jamie Stikeman.

Throughout the series it was a real dog fight and after six races both were tied in total points and there was no way, outside of a sail-off, of breaking the tie. So a one-race sail-off was conducted, with Abbott winning the race rather decisively and claiming the school championship.

The most encouraging factor made evident in this series was the high calibre of sailing ability possessed by the crews. They all showed a keenness for competitive racing, an astute knowledge of racing tactics and a surprisingly accurate comprehension of the intricate yacht racing rules. Combining all these points made for some excellent racing and all crews who entered the series should be highly commended for a fine performance of seamanship and racing ability.



Final Race Results

Name	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	Race 5	Race 6	Total Points	Final Pos.
Stikeman	2	1	4	1	2	3	19.7	1
Abbott	1	2	2	3	4	1	19.7	1
Willson	4	5	1	4	3	2	35.7	3
Lyman	6	4	5	2	1	4	40.4	4
McGrath	3	3	3	5	DNS	DNS	53.1	5
P. Anderson	5	6	DNS	DNS	DNS	DNS	73.7	6

Race - Off

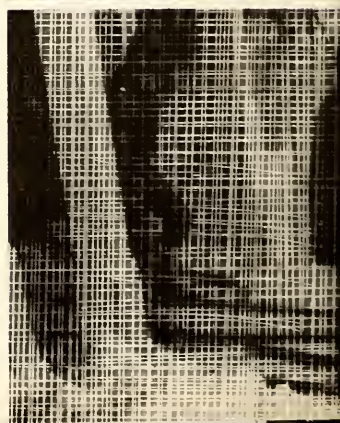
Abbott 1 Winner of 1972 Windeyer Cup

Stikeman 2 Doug Abbott and Steve Jones (crew)



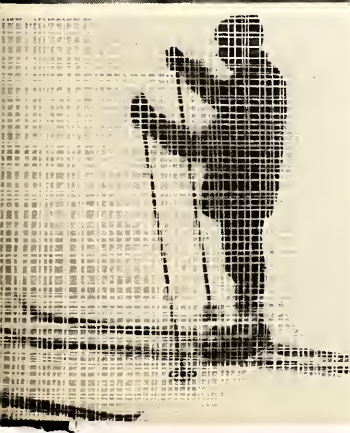
Tam Matthews - Independent School Sailing Champion

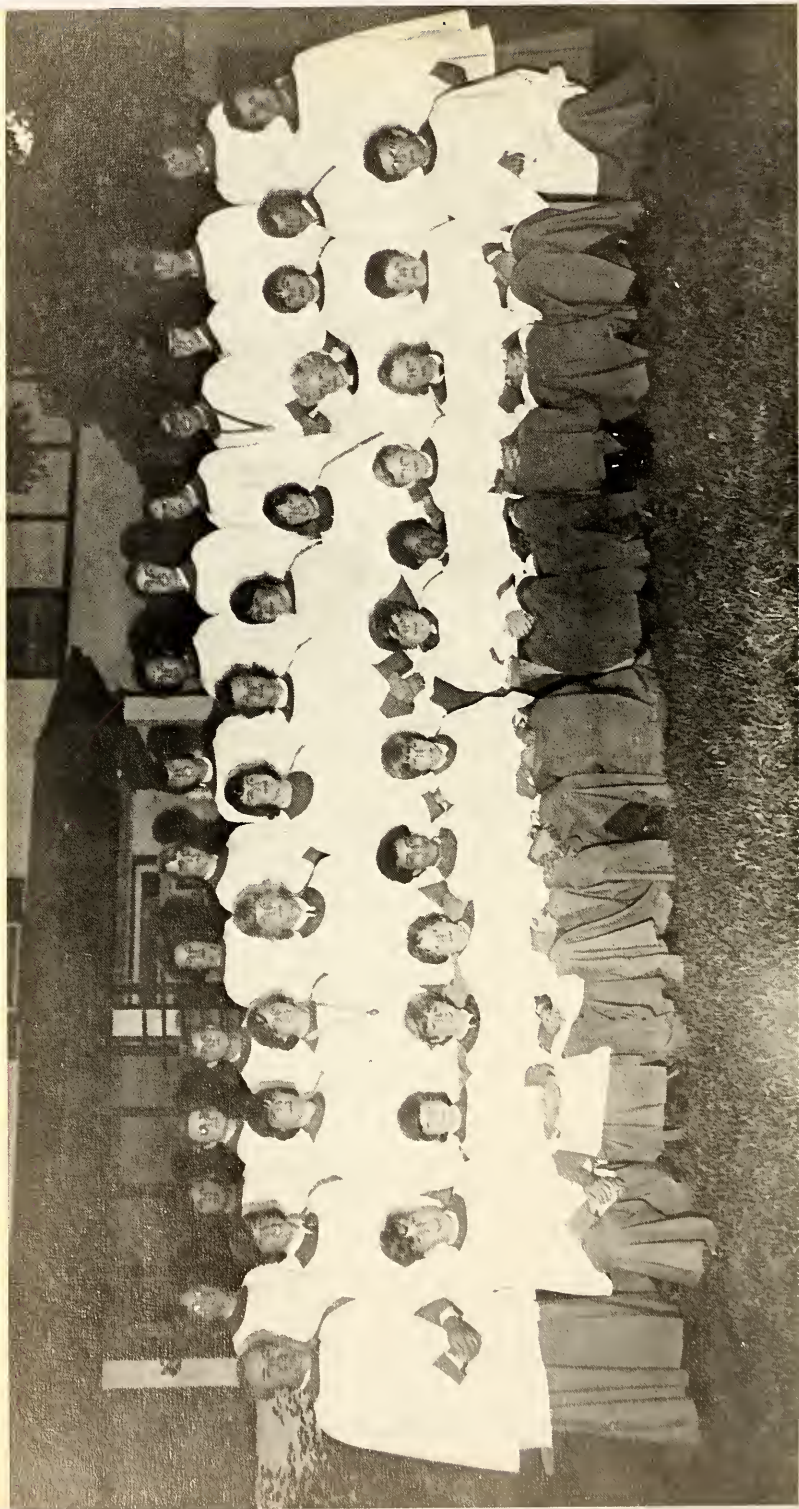






TIES





Chapel Choir

J. Lee, K. Lowes, R. McCauley, W. Hughson, W. Hope, B. Richards, M. de la Roche, J. Hunter, K. Russell, I. Fleming, D. Maher, D. Urquhart, C. Mather, P. Hermitte.
 F. Krenz, T. Matthews, P. Keaveney, R. Patterson, P. Reid, G. Webb, J. Wales, D. Kirk, A. White, Cuthbertson, C. Douglas, B. Jackson.
 Boland, Lewis, C. Snow, McMichael, Brockmeir, Jones, Duffield, S. Young Chin, Cowan, B. Lawrence, T. Wall, Redfern.



T. Matthews, G. Carre, Rev. J. McDougal, G. Webb, W. Aspinal.
D. Abbott, C. Abraham, B. Fuller, E. Dolmer, G. Lee.

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

With only three treble voices of the previous year's choir intact, the first task of this year was auditioning the new boys. Thirteen trebles were recruited, most of them inexperienced. Over the year, the section has strengthened, but the natural process of the changing voice has meant that the choir has been unbalanced throughout the year. With four alto's, nine tenors and nine basses, the boisterous enthusiasm of the "Men" tended to produce a joyful noise which completely swamped the melody line. Notwithstanding, we all enjoyed ourselves even if at times there were embarrassing musical moments.

Three out of four trips materialized this year. We dazzled the Women's Art Association of Peterborough with an annual Carol concert to such an extent that the Peterborough County Board of Education invited the choir to sing at the Peterborough Memorial Center. This event might best be described as a self congratulatory bash on the part of the aforementioned board. Due to the nature of the building (designed primarily for athletic rather than vocal agility) the music of Handel suffered somewhat.

The third trip was to Trinity College School, where the choir participated in a Choral workshop with T.C.S. and St. Georges, Toronto.

Included in our choral renditions this year in chapel:

Leighton's Communion Service in D
Stanford's Evening Canticles in Bb

We performed anthems by Bach, Handel, Hutchings, Hawkey, Schubert and Vivaldi.

Emphasis was placed on greater congregational participation. The Psalm singing improved and many new Hymn tunes were learnt. Two anthems were performed by the whole school, "Non Nobis Domine" by Roger Quilter, and to celebrate the Bi-Centenary of Vaghn-Williams birth, we sang "Let us now praise famous men". Stanford's Nunc Dimittis in B flat was also sung effectively by the whole school.

In conclusion, may I thank Dr. Krenz for his support, Ron McCauley the Cantor, and Ian Fleming who accompanied us on the organ.

May the composers, whose music we "rendered", rest in peace.

Brian Jackson

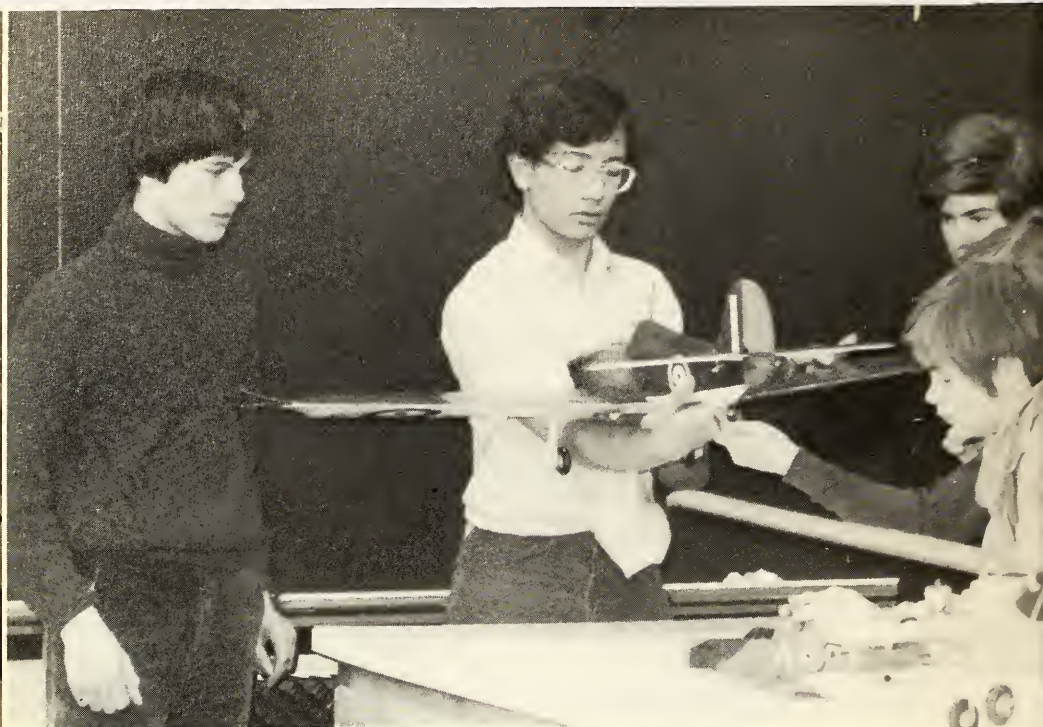
THE CHAPEL

It is always a pleasant duty to thank the many members of the school who made the chapel services a worship experience. First though, a word of appreciation for our visiting preachers. — Father Peterkin O.P., Canon Dann and the Reverends Heeney and Flint. Your words are now only faintly remembered but your witness of faith and concern is a treasured memory.

To the chapel clerks and servers, thank you for your faithfulness. Mr. Jackson and the choir made us aware of the beauty of our new organ and the human voice as a vehicle of praise. The senior readers read the lessons with care and reverence. The chapel shone, despite the scuffles of many reluctant feet, through the devoted labours of Mrs. Hazel. The chapel achieved a measure of relevancy as boys and masters used the Wednesday morning forum service to lead and guide the consciousness of the school. Though chapel is compulsory, an unpopular concept these days, I trust all knew at least a few occasions when they enjoyed the fellowship and the familiarity of the services.

Rev. McDougal



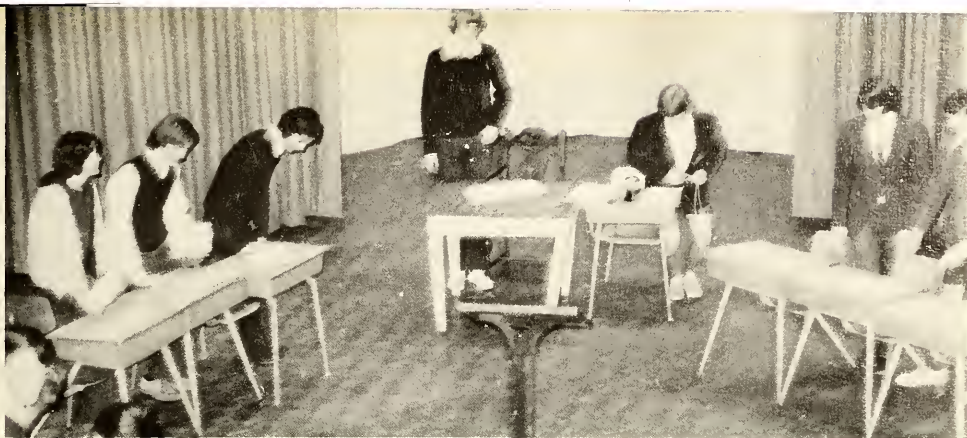


The Flying Club

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the absence of one of our members, we still managed to have a good year flying. With the fire truck and its bearded driver often available, transportation to our flying field became reasonably easy to procure. Simon, continually showing off, paid for it occasionally with an inverted landing or a touch and don't go. Harvey built several "planes", all of them eyesores, to keep up with the rate that he was doing vertical landings. His Cub was nominated gross out of the year. Wunder was truly wonderful, as he accidentally did a few things right. For the most part however, he reassured us by building two right wings and other such wonders. Our newest member, with no accepted name, except perhaps Big Boy, spent a large part of his time doing such exciting things as dropping his system and repairing it, and watching glue dry. Although it fought back, I forced my blue Pig to wallow through the air for a few feet when I let it out of its cage.

Getting serious for a moment (but only one) I think that the entire club would agree that we've had an exciting year and should have an even better one next year with the return of that critter from Manotick, Garbageman Gus.

Lewnard



DEBATING SOCIETY

This year debating got underway with an expedition of untried but eager debators to the Ridley tournament. Though we failed to win our debates, we acquitted ourselves honourably and showed plenty of potential. In order to improve our debating we attended a workshop at T.C.S. which proved valuable in attracting new talents.

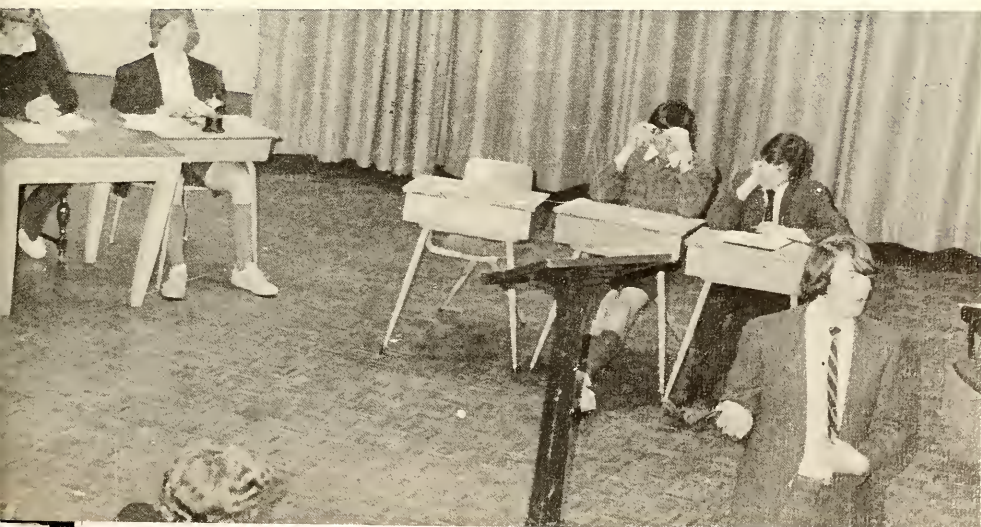
Thus we were able to attend the U.T.S. tournament with a new team and better success. We won one debate, and the other two were very close. Meanwhile the Tuesday afternoon debates were allowing other prospective debators to improve their style. This experience enabled us to win both debates in an invitation from O.L.C. Interest in debating snowballed with each new trip or tournament and culminated in a packed house for the prepared debate between Bishop's Strachan School and ours.

It is hoped that debating at Lakesfield will be able to weather the loss of many of its best debators. Unfortunately Mr. Lang, who started the debating this year won't be around, but there are still several interested seniors. They should be able to start the society again next year so that boys at Lakesfield will be able to benefit from the experience of public debating.

Ralph Swaine



N. Young Chin, Swaine, de la Roche, Webb, Wisener, Gunn, Milligan.





OUTDOORS

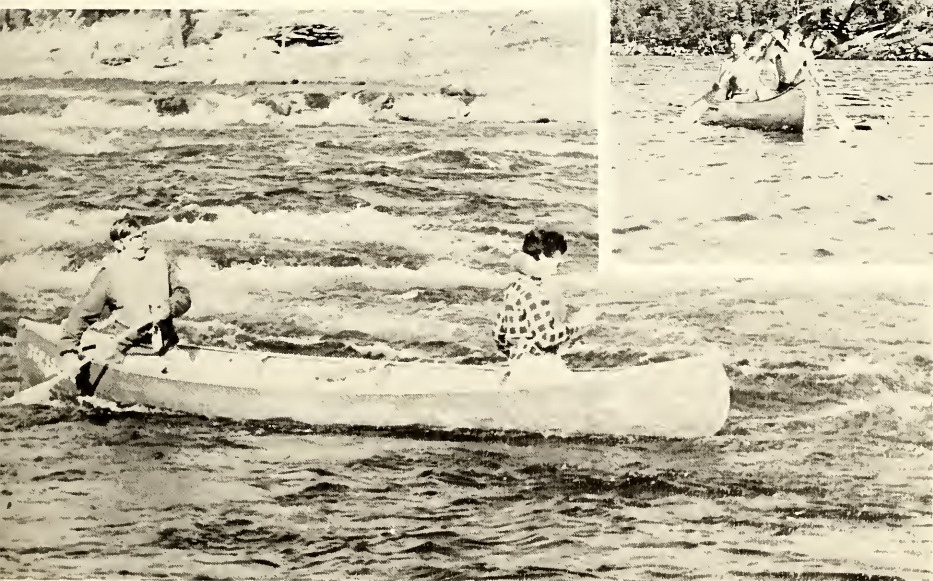
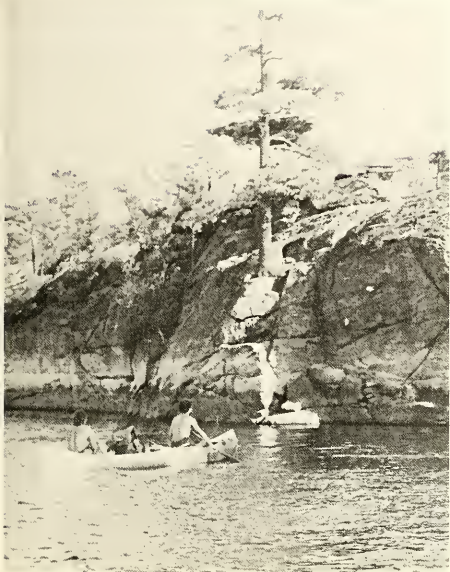


WHITEWATER PADDLING

Kayaking added a new dimension to the rapid water activity at Lakefield. Several Kayaks were built from mould and raced down Eels, Jackson and Moor creeks. We were quite successful in tow meets on the Jackson creek with Mr. Hodgetts and John Pace capturing first and second in two of the heats. Valuable contacts were established with the Peterborough Kayaking Club which assisted in the building of some of the kayaks.

During the spring, the Canoeing and Tripping courses spent three weeks learning the fundamentals of whitewater canoeing and achieved a degree of competence in the boiling rapids. Unfortunately, the only one suitable for shooting rapids is the spring run-off when the water is a numbing thirty-five degrees. This offered a unique and certainly sobering experience to many of the enthusiasts. There is little that can match the exhilarating feeling of snapping an eddy in the midst of a boiling back eddy. Anyone who has tasted this sport is eager to continue and there are numerous white water addicts awaiting the thaw next year.

However, there are several obstacles in the path of the canoeists. To take full advantage of the spring floods the faithful paddler should go out every day. Other commitments and activities occupied much of the canoeing course members time. Next year the course ought to be directed to a dedicated few. With the popularity of outdoor recreation at the school, the canoeists can expect their ranks to be filled and the construction of more kayaks, next year. Special thanks should be given to Mr. Guest, Mr. Hodgetts, and Mr. Burns who donated time from their crowded schedules to coach the spring fledgling whitewater canoeists.







SCUBA DIVING

Scuba diving is man's way of reaching the strange and beautiful world beneath the water's surface. Many boys at the Grove enjoy underwater diving as a sport. Scuba diving is a relatively new sport at the Grove, having been started only this year. It was instigated by the efforts of Mr. Konoczynski who instructed the boys. There was a lot of enthusiasm for the sport and the course was generally considered a successful idea.

The first obstacle to be overcome was equipment. This led to many heated arguments over the prospective merits of single and double valves. Usually the scuba divers tended towards simpler equipment and single valves but there were some who went all out. Many of the boys who took scuba diving this year will be using their experience in the Caribbean and all are undoubtedly hoping they will. They probably will dive to hunt water animals or just to explore the bottom of a lake or river. Scuba diving will undoubtedly become an immutable part of school life.

Gray, Ruby, de la Roche, Swaine, Howe.



LIBRARY CLUB

On my arrival at the school in September, the library was a room of half empty shelves and cartons of books on the floor. It had a new home to live in. Thanks to Mrs. Morawetz, the library has filled all the book shelves and has outgrown the room with books from the Mother's guild, the mothers of boys, and the school budget. It's growing so big that it's taking over the Master's Common Room next year, taking away their only place of retreat.

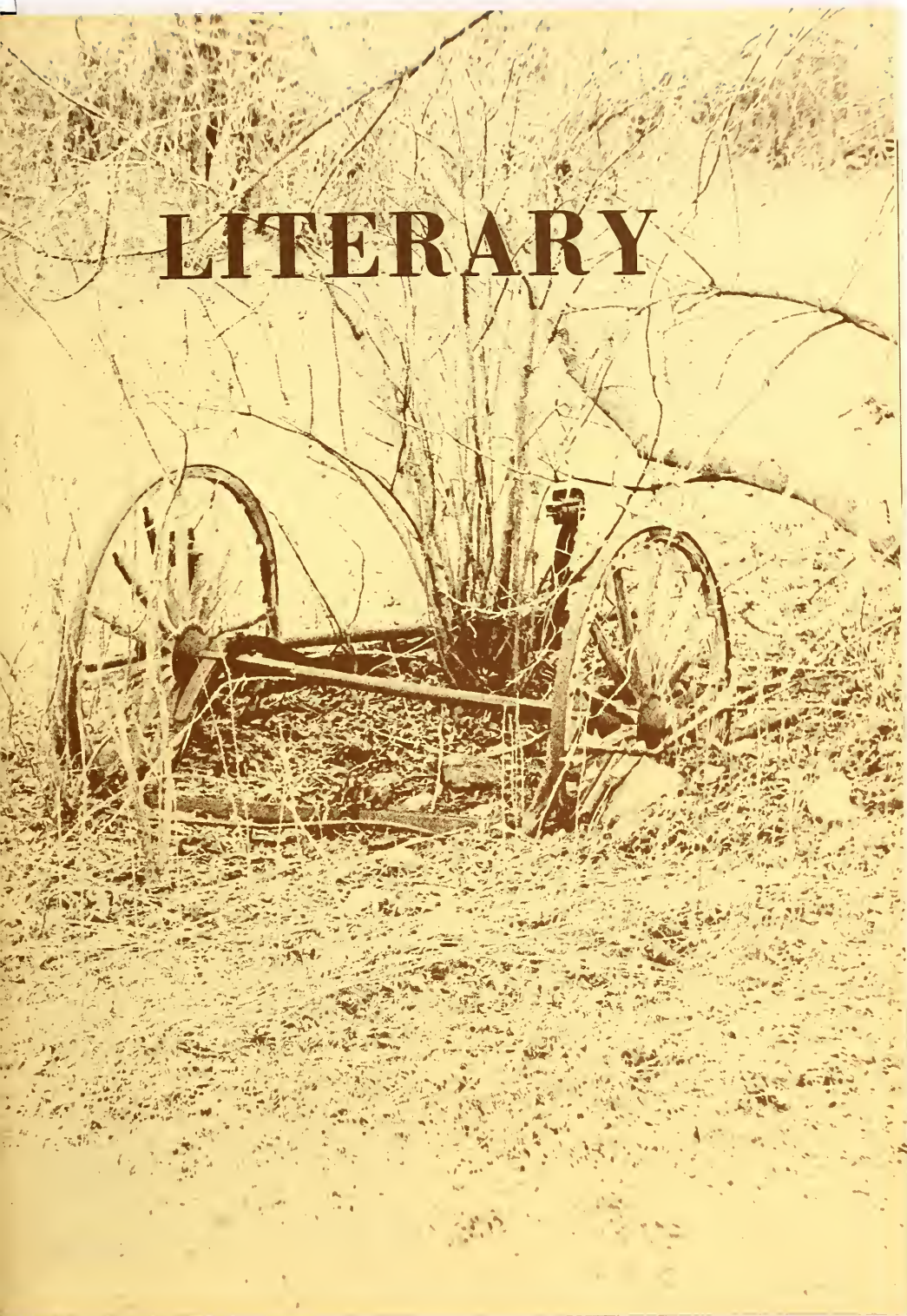
Despite the often frustrating lack of references, the library was well used this year. Masters often held classes there in order to take advantage of the convenience of reference material close at hand. With Mrs. Morawetz, the librarian, taking charge of the library during the day and the library club filling in during the evenings, we have managed to keep the library working so that the school can use it properly, which has made the school an integral part of the school.

Philip Wisener
Head Student Librarian

House Competition Champions - Lefevre House



LITERARY





Age

Calloused fingers join
 wrinkled hands.
 Leatherned arms leave
 shrunken shoulders.
 Withered bones hold
 ancient flesh
 Vitality of character crowns
 hoary senescence.

— A Personal Thought —

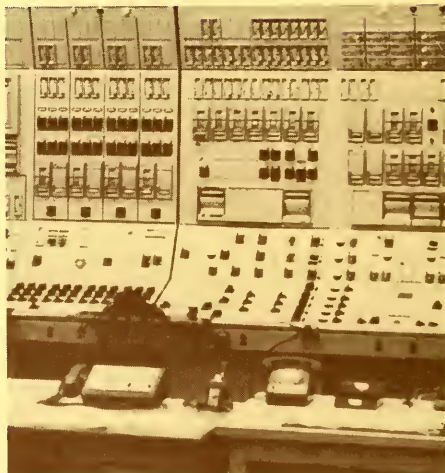
Alone
 she lives,
 full of joy and love
 enemies only with those, who
 speak against her
 freedom.

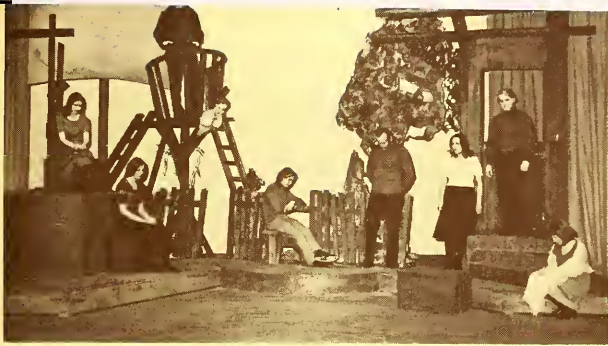
F.R. for C.D.

Univac 1108

AS THE DEAD THRUTH RUNS BACK
 FOR EVERY LIFE IS SLOW
 SLOW SINCE NEW LIFE RUNS FAR
 FAR SOME DEAD LIFE LOOKS TALKS
 TALKS THE BLINDBEAUTY IS BACK
 IF SOME BLIND TRUTH GOES NEAR
 AND SINCE NEW LIE GOES SLOW
 AS BLIND LIFE GOES NEAR
 IF SOME BLIND LIE IS FAR
 THEN THE VERY OLD GOES NEAR

UNIVAC 1108
 programmed by D. Lewis





Under Milksop

To begin at the beginning:

It has sprung, the listless night in the small town, godless and bible-lack, the concrete silent and the stunted ferns creeping down the oily black, oily, black, deadblack, motorboat-blemished sea. The houses are black as holes (though holes are often bright-coloured today) or black as Cool cat there, sitting by the spigot and the tavern clock, the all-night bars and the Welfare office around the block. All the people of the lulled and dumb found town are sleeping now.

Hush. Brian Aldiss is sleeping, Harry, Tom, Dick and Sue, Joe, John, George and Sally, Ernst and Lucy, Alexander, Harrison, Horace, Colin, Margaret and Percy. Young girls lie softly or are driven in their dreams in fast cars by supermen down the road to Sin City. The Boys are dreaming of wicked bucking ranches in the night and the latest "Bee". And the profaned lamp posts stand by the road, and the skunks in the bins, and the dogs lie wetnosed on the porch or seeing the chance walker, bark and yell in revenge for past wrongs.

You can hear the ash falling and the hushed town choking. Only your eyes can open to see the black and forlorn town fastly slow asleep. And you alone can smell the sea breeze, the worst before dawn stench of the black, carp filled sea where the Armageddon, the Curlew, The Tub, Piranha, Hari Krishna, the Devil, the Corporate and the Floating Wonder lie in the silt and mire.

Listen. It is the night breeze, moving silently through the streets, the professional smog in the fourty-second street and Skid Row, it is the grass growing in little plots, freefall, nightfall, the eternal sleep of birds in Milksop.

Listen, it is night in the kill, empty chapel, humbling in basket and botch and brimstone black, chewing gum and lace up shoes, shuffling like cards, counting time, sleeping sermons; night in the five and ten quiet as a cat, in the refrigerated foams like a roach with gloves, in the Dominion lying like the bargains posted in the window. It is tonight on the main street moving loud with rubbish on its sides, along the sidewalks, past hattered bottles, discarded wrappers, packages, plastic, cardboard, cups, containers, stale gum waiting for the weary walker, winter mess and empty bins. It is night huddling away from its hideous protege.

Look. It is night, blindly, quietly winding through the crab apple trees; going through the green acres cemetery with due respect and pomp, and affluence, listing past the Lions Club.

Time passes. Listen. Time Passes.

Come closer now.

Only you can hear the house standing off the streets in their isolated green and silent black silent yards. Only you can see in the barred bedrooms, the locks, and the burglar alarms everywhere, the traps and safes, the guns, the mirrors on the wall, and the yellowing remnants of a happier age. Only you can hear and see behind the eyes of the sleepers, the hopes, worries, fears, aspirations, maladjustments, misunderstandings, interpretations, bilateral thought controls and technologically caused apathy of their dreams.

From where you are you can hear their dreams.

Ralph Swaine



NINE YEARS OLD

You could call it a warm room, that rec. room. A warm fireplace with crackling birchbark. The type of night that is pleasant with it's comforting darkness. Soft deep leather chairs beckon as a mother with outstretched arms. The atmosphere was right for blissful meditation no thoughts of war or hate, injustice or suffering. I left Man alone that night, left him for the intellectuals to rationalize. With the firelight dancing on the wall, my mind was wont to wander. I chuckled to myself at what a terrifying contrast my womb was to the world outside my door.

However that soft light, snug as a quilt on a cold winter's night, I drifted away and I dreamt.

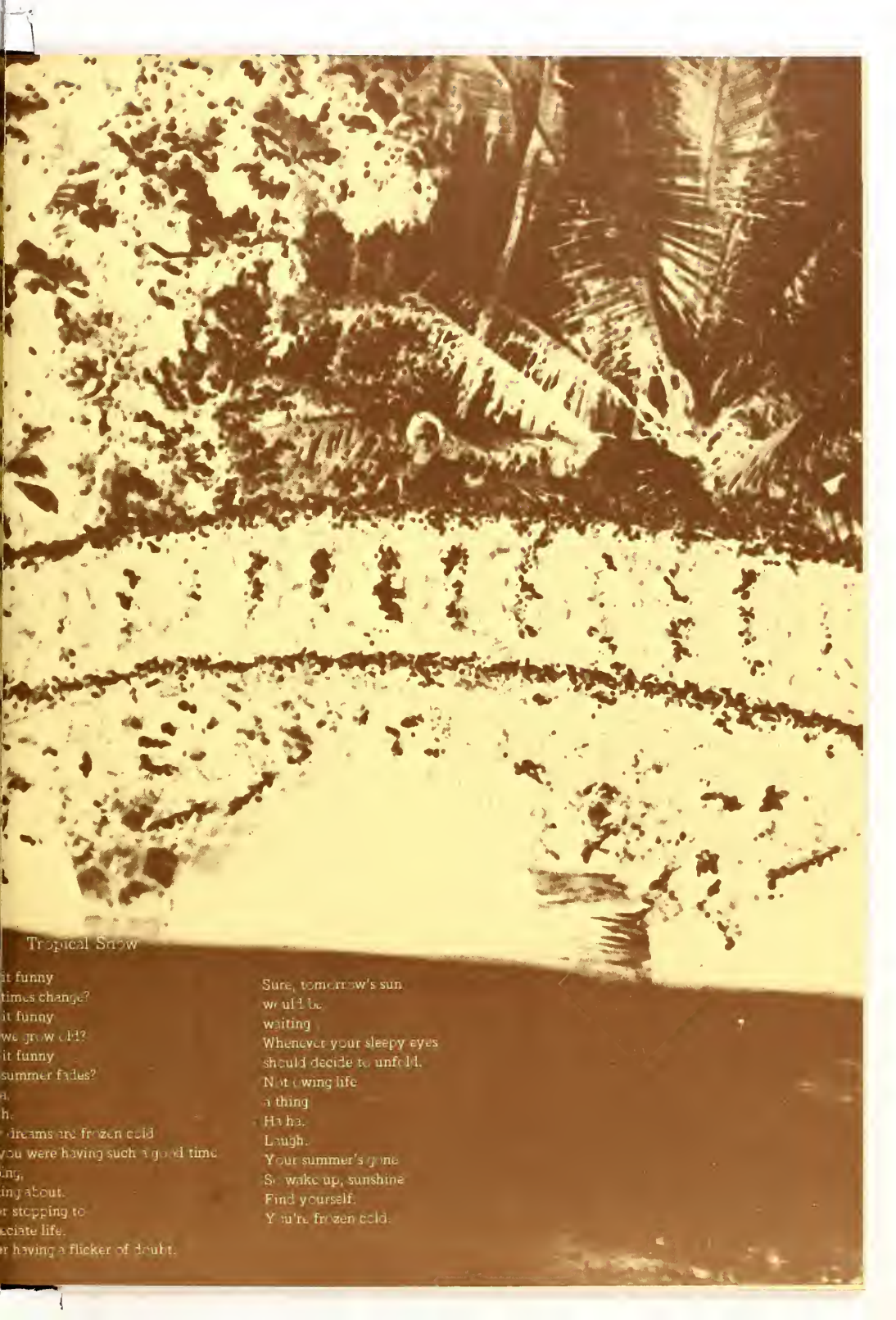
Some people say that a dreamer is a man without substance, one who cannot cope with reality, who lives in the far-off world of illusion. I find reality somewhat distasteful, harsh and bitter. People have many times told me, "You just cannot live in a fantasy all of your life." After they have finished telling me this, I look them in the eye and ask them, "Why not?" They argue, of course, about social responsibility and obligations to my fellow man. Then they see that I'm not listening, turn an angry back on me and walk away. They hate me more and more because they know I've seen. That hint of envy and longing is in all of their eyes.

When I was nine years old, my father was still reading bedtime stories, and it's too bad that I had to mature, because he stopped them. I remember well the great battles I used to fight, or the many chariot races I had won. Those were great years, when I was a boy.

The summers lasted forever, early morning baseball with the dew still wet on the grass. The day when I finally decided to beat up my sister for once and failed. When our hide-out cave collapsed and almost killed us. Kids don't seem to be afraid of much or worry alot. I had a bike then and I think that I even had a love, but she didn't know I existed. That was alright though, because I knew that knights sometimes had affairs with their ladies that way. My dog was my right arm, I loved him so much. When he died I cried more for him than for my grandmother, even though she used to sneak me candies after I had said my prayers at night. I had a family too, the gang and I was part of it. We would play British Bulldog in the snow in the winter, and in the spring we stole cigarettes. Public school and playing hockey, scared that the teacher would catch you when you were hiding in the woods about two miles from the school.

The fire is still going in the room, I won't let it fade. Others may struggle and founder, but I'm content to sit and dream that I am nine years old for the rest of my life. Bye-Bye all of you who have been marooned. In my little sailboat, not looking back, I'll sail right off into the sunset.

T. Bell



Tropical Snow

it funny
times change?
it funny
we grow old?
it funny
summer fades?
a.
h.
dreams are frozen cold
you were having such a good time
ing,
ing about.
er stopping to
ciate life.
er having a flicker of doubt.

Sure, tomorrow's sun
we'll be
waiting
Whenever your sleepy eyes
should decide to unfold.
Not owing life
a thing
Ha ha.
Laugh.
Your summer's gone
So wake up, sunshine
Find yourself.
You're frozen cold.

I would often watch J. William Percy lock the door of his little shop precisely at 5:00 p.m. every day for the past many years. I have always been amazed by people who appear to be pompous and ridiculous, even by sight alone. I knew J. Percy the minute I saw him and just what type of person he really was. He is a short and fat man; his age runs between 50 and 55 years of age, bespeckled with very round glasses to match his passive, circular face. A summit of baldness surrounded by a bristly gray fur topped his appearance. He always wore a brown dusty suit but never a day went by when he didn't wear a clean crisp shirt.

Today he did what he has always done; at 5:00 p.m. by the town's square clock, J. William Percy came out of the door of his shop, looked questionably at the sky, then placed his bowler on his head. He took from his pocket a ring containing no less than a hundred keys. From the collection he selected the instrument designed for his lock, used it accordingly, then thrust the ring into his trouser pocket from whence it had come. After he gave the shop one last cautious glance, he adjusted his suit and viewed the street before him. As usual he spied me standing in the doorway of my closed place of business. Smiling, he tipped his hat. I acknowledged his greeting as I have done practically every day. After this scene J. Percy turned to his left and began walking down the now shadowy street to the corner to catch the 5:15 bus on the avenue, I followed suit but on the opposite side of the street for we both took the same route home. On the corner a beggar woman waited with an open cup before her and everyday J. Percy would place a bill among the other pieces of petty cash in the cup and walk on. The hag would begin to sing a song compared only to the beauty of an auto crash. Hearing this, J. Percy would stop in his tracks turn and bow to the woman, lifting his hat as he did; then proceed on his way as was his custom.

J. Percy had never failed the old woman yet I wondered what horror she would sing if he ever did.

J. Percy walked along the avenue to the large school I had crossed the intersection at the corner and was just about to catch up to him when he stopped under a large oak tree in front of the school. I of course, was waiting for this move. Passing him, I walked along to the newstand by the bus-stop, purchasing an Evening Journal on my arrival and pretended to wait for the bus. Within a few moments of J. Percy's discontinuance a small group of children came running from the schoolyard, each screaming and whooping in his way. Stopping under him, they immediately came to an organized hush. He began to speak to them, they responded with cries and pleas, I myself detest annoying little children. They always seem to tug on ones clothes and get in ones way. They had done it to J. Percy everyday and they were doing it to him today. Again a hush blanketed the group. J. Percy pretended to have lost something and was going through his pockets, one by one, in an exaggerated way. Shouting encouragements, the children grew impatient. Finally, after an eternity, he found the objects of their delights. Six large candies were distributed among the half dozen children who, after saying their thanks, thundered away to continue their playtime activities. About this time, I usually turned away with nausea, most often I look up the avenue in search of the bus and today; as everyday; I saw it coming. Automatically, I turned to call J. Percy, if by some chance he had slipped back from his schedule, but to my dismay he was beside me giving forth with a silly little smile only I had seen him wear. We waited together only a minute before the bus stopped and opened its doors for us to enter. The bus was already full and crowded but as if in reservation the same two seats J. Percy and I always occupied were empty. We sat down respectively, as usual facing each other. I now began to play my little game, a game I played everyday with J. Percy. We stare at each other for only a second; then by shyness alone he would lower his eyes to the floor. Today I started the same as ever but instead of falling, the little eyes came back with an anger show-fury in the utmost. I was caught off guard, I grew very embarrassed and was about to let mine fall to the floor first when J. Percy exclaimed in a disgusted tone, "It's a pity, a dreadful pity, isn't it Mr. Chamberlin!"

Stunned; I turned in my seat seeking an answer. There on the wall was the latest front page poster for the Times. A photograph of Adolf Hitler saluting a huge mass of peasants before him. Under this was a caption stating of how the dictator had just marched into Austria. Benumbed, I closed my eyes with relief, a cold sweat began to dry on my back. Turning to face J. Percy, I said, "Yes . . . yes it is truly a shame."

He agreed with me and began to study the floor.

I really had no concern for a mad dictator rampaging across the continent but I felt those little eyes demanded an answer of sorts. I tried to read my paper but my mind did not register what my eyes saw. All my thoughts were trapped by one subject, that being J. Percy and his moment of anger. Before I knew it the bus stopped at our point of disembarkment, the open doors allowed a breeze to sweep the stale air from the interior, awaking me from my trance. Looking up I saw J. Percy already standing, tipping his



hat, he bade me, "Good Night". The smile on his face burned into my mind allowing me only to reply with an almost incoherent, "Good Evening", and dizzily to stand and follow the small man out the door.

On the curb, we separated in opposite directions, me, home to bed and J. Percy, off to, I guess, his family.

I don't open the shop on Saturdays, so I slept till very late the next morning. When I did get up, I dashed out on the front lawn to fetch the morning paper, receiving some cute remarks from my smiling neighbours who I feel will never be quite used to a man running across his lawn wearing pyjamas in the light of day. Winded, I returned to the security of my front steps, I was sure the delivery boy had deliberate poor aim. Closing the door behind me I walked into the living room to read the paper. After sitting down and arranging my position a thousand times over, I finally opened the roll of paper. After checking the date, I wandered over to the oncoming weather, then casually I looked for the most prominent headline. Political speeches in Germany were of no great interest to me so I went in search of an exciting but less major news-maker. My eyes focused on an incident that occurred in my area, in fact, just a few blocks down my street. Apparently, last night a raving mad-man had been caught disposing his latest victim, a young girl. My eyes opened to their widest extent, tiny hairs seemed to rise on the back of my neck. The hands that held the journal shook violently, crumbling it to a wrinkled mass. My mouth open, limber in shock, I saw the sun beaming at me through my large livingroom window as if it itself had long known this terrible fact. I simply could not comprehend the truth, "J. William Percy".

Bill Richards

Fly you, for I've seen you fly before,
catching with your feathers the slightest
wisp of wind, taking the sky for your own.
I've seen you wing into the deepest and
darkest thunderhead, and emerge only to
bless the sun with your fiery talons.

But now you lie still as if to laugh in the
face of the Phoenix legend, Oh foolish bird,
there are so many more seastorms to sail,
and the sun will still shine on without you.
Fly you,
For we've seen you fly before.

J. Wales



O

The moon, iris in the night's huge eye,
Stars that glitter, deities in the dark.
The Moon, King of Kings, Lord of Lords,
Grand dad of all grand dad clocks,
Enormous pendulum.

The Moon swings for eternity.
Serenely swinging, back and forth
Measuring timeless time,
He keeps his watch on mankind,
As he lives on and on
In fields that change with each passing season.

T. Bell



A Clockwork Orange

A Clockwork Orange is prophetic fiction, the story of Alex a fifteen year-old in a future socialist Britain. Alex tells his story, from his days as a hoodlum to a two year term in jail, finally to be transformed into a "perfect citizen", a vegetable totally incapable of breaking laws. As well as being a prophet, the author satirizes several human stereotypes, moralizes and warns against socialism and the Russian influence that might bring it upon us. Anthony Burgess prognosticates uncontrolled crime, mistrust and manipulation as a few conditions of the future society.

The story is set in a city where the hoodlums take over after sunset. Alex narrates in a slang which has a definite Russian origin. Alex mentions that Jonny Zhivago, a "Russky pop singer" is the latest hit so the Russian influence on the adolescent society can be assumed. We read that "few people read books anymore" and of a law stating that "everybody not a child nor with child nor ill must work." Alex and his parents are filed away in a tenement high-rise. His only mention of neighbours is when he finds a woman's panties outside of the door down the hallway. Anthony Burgess is writing about a society in which the individual is unimportant and conformity is forced upon the people.

In an attempted escape from their society, Alex and his droogs (friends) create their own culture that is so different to that of the established one that it is unlawful. A combination of frustration, lack of sympathy and a lust to defy the conventional drives the gang through all-night orgies of violence.

Beating, robberies and rapes are insignificant to the hooligans; they manage to evade the clutch of the rozzes (police) by bribing witnesses with stolen money. Finally, Alex is apprehended after accidentally going a little too

far, killing a mug-victim. Alex is sent off to prison, where he spends a miserable two years amongst homosexuals and hypocritical wardens. Though a hardened criminal himself, Alex is the scapegoat for his fellow inmates, all older and even more sadistic than he. He considers himself lucky when he is chosen to undergo the Ludovico Technique, not realizing that he is a "guinea pig" for scientific experiments in the control of human beings. Alex is gruesomely brainwashed to the point where a trace of violence makes him sick. Unable to disagree, listen to stirring music, or partake in sex or any other violent activities, he is sent back to society a "perfect citizen". Alex falls into the hands of opposition politicians who use as an example of one of the government's blunders. They coerce him into attempted suicide but he recuperates in the hospital. Alex ends his stay after undergoing an operation which normalizes him again. However, in a state of post-operative delirium he signs a paper for sinister Ministry of the Interior.

Anthony Burgess' characters are too real to let his prophesies, moral invectives and satirization go by unheeded. His protagonists are not far removed from their counterparts in today's society and their activities are just as alarming and frightening. Alex has a family, friends, goes to school and enjoys listening to electrified Classical music yet he is a harbinger of violence and destruction. His morals, notably his attitude towards women as mere objects of sex and violence, are barbaric.

The society around Alex, the dishonest politicians, the hypocrisy of the policeman and jail wardens, and Alex's unfaithful friends are far worse than Alex. All these characters are brutal and ugly, yet people who could quite conceivably be by-products of present society. Burgess has written about a world in which many of the important values and securities which we enjoy today have been lost.





Family relations end with the meals, the streets are impassable because of gang warfare. It appears that few people can enjoy life except at the expense of others.

The police supposed protectors and peace-makers, have become too intolerant of criminals to be efficient. They take punishment into their own hands, dragging Alex and many others out into the countryside to be beaten up. Alex cannot even trust his friends Pete, Georgie, and Dim. They were the ones who deserted him in the height of depression, the social structure that once existed is flawed and broken down.

Equally interesting as the author's prophecies, certainly unique amongst the social prophecies that exist today, and as electrifying as the situation it describes, is the slang that Alex uses. Definitely Russian rooted, some of its vocabulary includes tolchok (to strike a blow) and viddy (to see). Some of the Russian meanings are transposed in Nadsat, Koshka (cat) and Kpat (dig) mean "cool cat" and "I dig it" in the gang's slang. Some words are onomatopoeic, their sound adds to the meaning, such, the absurd society of the future.

A Clockwork ranks with A Brave New World and Fahrenheit 451 as one of the best social prophecies today. It stands uniquely aside for Burgess 'careful blending' of morals, prophecy and satirization. His colloquial dialect is an excellent element in the story, which makes for entertaining as well as enlightening reading.

Pat Frewer

My Tub and Me

My tub and me
Good friends are 'we
We splash together
Ignoring the weather.
No freezing over
He's not my lover
The tub is jet-black
Now I'll never come back.

The ripples are gone
Time has now dawned
Feeling dull
I watch the lull.

Goodbye my friend
Relations now end
I'm getting dry
But never cry.

My tub and me
Good friends were we
Now ceasing to splash,
bye, for I have to dash.





Unfinished

A child, birthed by the same spoiled root
Of Adam crawling from the sea,
Was doomed by the jaw that bit the worm
That burrowed in the flesh fruit.

A child, spawned by the same sick sighs
That patterned by three cock crows,
Saw my soul through fly-specked windows
Peering out through tainted eyes

A child, fed by the same life's light
That spun the spheroid out of stones,
Was stitched in the web by the same three cranes
That scissor threads of night.

A child, led by the same dark way
Of scattered seeds in the soil of time,
Saw mine parched by the barren clime
Sucking moisture from my clay.

A child, whirled by the same wild wheel
That swung the soul from shroud to seed,
Was dizzied blind and made to bleed
When senses dulled and failed to feel.

Drew Milligan

In a Free State

This is an extraordinarily penetrating and disturbing book. One could well praise the original and powerful novelist behind it by describing the reason for the disturbance – nor would this minimize the disturbance in the least.

V. S. Naipaul is an exile who in England is an Indian, in America unknown, in Trinidad a prenationalist intellectual. Since he has been everywhere, since the day he was born, he has no reason to end his nomadic way of life. In a world where the number of displaced persons is finally identifiable with the storminess of our planet, Naipaul is an exile who writes about nothing else – in the most clipped, elegant subtle English prose. Naipaul writes about many psychic realities of the exile in our contemporary world. In essence, they are the memoirs of his meandering life.

In this contemporary piece, one of his very best, he has sharpened and tuned, on five different examples of modern-era wandering, his already prodigious sense of fiction. No one else seems able to employ prose fiction so deeply as the very voice of exile. If "our" fiction began with the raw merchants settling into their overstuffed interiors, the brilliance of fiction today would seem to depend on a sense of displacement which so many smart American novelists, who have never been put to actual test, have already played with in their more philosophic novels.

What makes Naipaul hurt so much more than other authors of modern exodus is his major image – the tenuousness of man's hold on the earth. The doubly unsettling effect he creates comes from the many characters in his book who do not "belong" in the countries they are touring or working in, who would not "belong" any longer in the nations they come from, and from the endless moving about of contemporary life have acquired a feeling of their own unreality in the "free state" of shiftless transience. All travel is an adoptive consciousness – only Ulysses was transported in his sleep. It is so much consciousness, "raised" yet unavailing, that makes one's motion and freedom clash with so many other too conscious egos forever crazily on the move.

In the Prologue, from a journal, the author is on a dingy Greek steamer crossing from Piraeus to Alexandria. He travels on the upper deck, where there are cabins, in the company of German businessmen, Lebanese, "fat Egyptian students" returning from German, Spanish nightclub dancers, American students, and Yugoslavs. On the lower deck, night and day their only place, are Egyptians and Greeks.

An Englishman in a tweed jacket, with a rucksack, who looks as if "he might have been the romantic wanderer of another generation," turns out to be an utterly destitute old man, a penniless tramp, who so maddens people on the upper deck that they hound him, keep him hidden in the lavatory, until the ship reaches port. In Epilogue from a Journal, the author touring Egypt and meeting up with members of a Red Chinese circus, finally steps in and protests the absent-minded cruelty to some local children who are being made to run in front of Europeans and be whipped by an Egyptian.

Prologue and Epilogue, Naipaul speaks in his own person, tells his own story of ultimate defenselessness without pretending to be detached. However, in two of the stories that compose the body of the book, the Indian and West Indian characters in foreign parts are the narrators. One can see that Naipaul steps in at the end of the book only to emphasize his anguished belief that it is active history, a contemporary situation that he has been living all his life – not some generalized human condition. Imperialism, even in decay, is the unforgettable background still mingling with everything he writes. The weighty plight of the brilliant boy who has left his home and now recognizes that he changed too much to be able to return to that innocence that existed among those who never travelled is also an underlying influence on his works.

Naipaul has never encompassed so much, and with such brilliant economy, with such a patent though lightly veiled ominous manner, as in this collection of slightly elongated but stimulating anecdotes. In one funny and thoroughly satiric story, "One Out of Many", a minor Indian diplomat brings his beggarly servant to Washington with him. There he is paid \$3.75 a week, willingly sleeps in a closet, but telling the story of his life in the "capital of the world", relates with astonishment that he has seen head-shaved Americans in orange tunics swaying and chanting Hindu hymns, while the blacks are exultantly destroying their own neighbourhoods by fire. A marvelous touch is that only in Washington does he discover that his sahib is young, exactly his own age, and that he himself is attractive to the frighteningly large black woman who eventually takes him in and marries him. This does not make him feel at home.

I suppose one criticism of Naipaul might be that he covers too much ground, has too many representative types, and that he has an obvious desolation about homelessness, migration, the final placelessness of those, like himself, who have seen too much. Though he is a marvelous technician, there is something finally modest, openly committed about his fiction, that removes him from the godlike impersonality of novelists who claim they do not themselves. Naipaul belongs to a different generation, to a more overtly tragic outlook for humanity itself. He has associated himself with "history" and does not expect better treatment.

J. Eayrs

Head to Head

Direct and straight
Collected in groups
By the pound
In a bag so brown
But all is calm
For the moment.

Wait, sound is heard
Selection is occurring
By nimble fingers
To perform a job
With punishment due
Because of denseness.

Cedar wood, soft
Containing lingering willingness
The recipient let
A point so piercing
Driving to the hilt
With regular thrusts.

Two inches gone
Submerged beneath the surface
A sudden tremour
Like a redwood falling
The intrusion has been terminated
Damn the knitter.

For a grain so fine
Why is it possible
That such a flaw
To interrupt a voyage
Towards undetermined destination
With irregular stop-over.

Leering over hammerhead
Only to find
By close inspection
One rusty nail
His pride bent
In angled form.

Withdrawal evident
Disposal sure
Why for him
Should life be so brief?
From of a bag of brown
To a can of grey.

No sympathy showed
His plans destroyed
Destination not reached
A useless life
Feeling unfulfilled
Retreat into darkness.

Forgotten now
Like the buried dead
A time to think
Of the thousands
That are becoming
Into the hands
Of the scavengers.

A Tail

Oh, the tragedy of Arthur,
Wasted and spoilt by the
Pains of Furia.
Did those sisters of fate
Amuse themselves with their
Shearing and weavings?
Whispering only mortal
As they worked his spinning thread,
Now torn and tangled.

Then Galahad was finding his
Holy Grail.
His key to final peace, his exit.
And the wheel did not miss
Its lost spoke,
As Arthur was offered to Antropos.
Wilted and bloodied, the other
Blossoming.

T. Bell



Before, she played upon me
as the waves of the sea
flirt with the shore.
Washing up and covering
the sand completely, evenly.
and just as the sand had begun to
drink the fullness of her swell,
she quickly retreated,
almost faster than she came.
Leaving me only with a flickering memory,
and expectations of some
oncoming tide.

J. Wales

To Peace and Traffic

It was raining very peacefully, you know when absolutely everything is still and quiet. All you can hear is the rain, everywhere, very friendly on the waiting platform boards. I was pretty dry though 'cause I was wearing my new pretty waterproof greatcoat that drops to my knees, (I still wear it sometimes in the winter!) and my old tweed cap pulled down over my ears. When it started to rain, I was only a half mile from the bus station, you can bet I ran. It's not that I don't like rain though, don't get me wrong. I mean there's nothing nicer than sloshin' your feet through a mess of puddles with your boots n' shirt pulled off. That's only good when you know that you got a dry pair somewhere safe and warm that you can just slip right into when the water starts findin' its way too deep in your hide and starts nestlin' round, so I had to just set and be content to watch her pour to the ground, building up into mud-slicks like the ones we used to slide in when we was young.

After about ten minutes of that settin' n' watchin' I remember the sound of the old bus coming down the road from behind the station and roundin' the corner. I could see that it was already full up, but they didn't care, cause all that they really wanted was your money. This bus line ran from the city, and I was told that I oughta be ready to expect the worst things of the city. My Pa used to say that the more people that you plant yourself in the middle of, the more often you're going to have your advantage taken from you. It went sometin' like that. Anyway, he said that people just don't care about you in the city. Just between me and you, I couldn't really figger that one out, around there it didn't seem that any one gave that much of two hoots about me anyway, that is until I got into heck, then everyone could up and make it their business.

The bus had hardly no place to stand on it, cause everyone had their bags n' stuff piled up in the aisle-way and everyone smelt like wet woollen sweaters and washed dog hair. That's gotta be the second worst smell in the whole world. It's all them ladies with their hair washed in Sunlight soap for their trip to the big city. Now their hair was wet again from the rain and stunk just like your mutt would after a bath caus'a fallin' in the swamp.

Like I said though that's only the second worst smell in the whole world. It didn't even come close to the horribleness of them ladies with all them different perfumes on, just to visit the big fancy stores. Boy, they really smelt like somethin' else when you mushed all the different kinds on that crowded old bus.

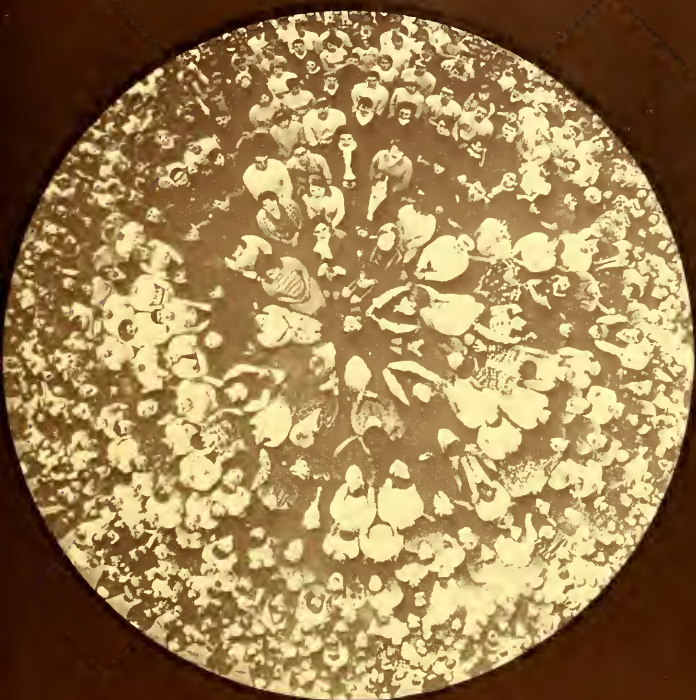
That's when I got thinkin' again how good it'd be to go to the big city where all the people won't be crowded together on one crumby old small bus. Instead I'd ride around all day in one of them big shiney new automatic transmission jobs. My friend told me that he was in one and they even had big colour pictures of women prancin' around in their underwear right above every window with a great big smile plastered across their face like they was just lovin' it. First thing I do is to ride around in one'a them buses all day, yes sir. No one would even know me in the city. That's why I was really goin', you might think I'm crazy, but I really wanted to go because I was lonely, lonely of too much people crowdin' into my life.

Once I went on long walk with the new Dutch girl in town and we didn't come back for supper 'cause it was way too nice out in the hills to leave. When I got back I got the lickin' of my life for messin' around with a poor young girl. She was only fifteen but she sure as hell didn't look it. The worst part was that I hardly even touched her. Of course I never told my buddies that she wouldn't mess around a bit. I figgered that it was better to get my hide took off than to let everyone know that I never got past first base. She couldn't speak English so the guys never got any of the real story outta her either.

Yeh, that bus ride was somethin' alright cause my head was so full of beautiful ideas of the city, ideas that only came part true. Now I'm all on my own, gotta pretty good job, I'm not afraid of admitting though that once in a while I get a touch people lonely. I could use a real close friend to talk to once in a while instead of this piece of paper. What I really miss is that sort of peacefulness that used to come along with the rain. I can't hear her splashing on the floorboards no more, just the honkin' of some guy's horn down on the street. The rain just don't seem as friendly as before, and that's what I sorta miss.

J. Wales





Reflections

An impregnable black vapour protects me from the sun
as a profusion of intersecting lanes
hold me within their bounds,
and all about,
glass – concrete – steel and asphalt
mock in unison,
where a hundred million lie BURIED ALIVE.

Man, for ten thousand years has accumulated a vast
library of knowledge,
Yet in a million years, he has gained no understanding.
Thus, like a merry-go-round
progress dissolves ultimately into regression.

A hundred million people have lost their humanity,
amidst their menacing, mean gods,
and I long to escape this destiny.
I yearn for nature's bosom which I am forever moulded to,
from which I trace nourishment and life.

I will go where the lipid bubbly brook awakens.
I seek the protection of nature,
I will exist by her wills, submitting to her laws,
to be reborn, as the noble savage.

Headmaster's Message

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Today marks the end of Lakefield College School's 93rd year, and the end of my first year as Headmaster. What an exciting year it has been. Full of surprises both worrying and exhilarating, but as I look back over the year thinking about today and the 92 Closings that have taken place on this lawn at this school, I am sure there have been many reports by Headmasters at this time that have been encouraging, but I doubt any man has felt the gratitude to those responsible as I do.

What a year! The first team defeated T.C.S. in football, we ended up in first place in the Independent School's Hockey League, 18 boys worked for 14 weeks at the Peterborough Day Care Centre, we acquired a new Chef, some boys competed for the first time in White Water Racing, the Senior School graduated 18 qualified Scuba Divers, five excellent plays were produced for the public, and numerous others for our own audience, we created films by the car load, and every boy in Grade 13 achieved early acceptance to University. I could go on like this for hours, but what of NEXT year?

To my great joy and relief the staff, who really make all this possible, will return next year, with the exception of three men. We must say goodbye to Brian Jackson, our Music Master, and John Grant, who has been filling in for the Geography Department while Jim Anderson was on leave of absence in England, and Alan Dormer, a French Master. To all three we wish Good Luck. We have been fortunate in hiring fine replacements for these men, and we look forward to next year with confidence and anticipation.

The School will be full again to the extent that we will have more boarders than ever before. To accommodate these extra boys and allow the Library to expand we will have boys living in Fort Smith. This will give us two new seminar rooms and an extension to the Library.

We also have plans and dreams for everything from Squash Courts and Greenhouses to Trout Ponds and a new elective system for the lower Grades. The whole prospect of next September is so exciting and encouraging one wonders what really makes "The Grove, "The Grove". To a relative outsider like myself there is an intangible quality about this school, a certain something, a feeling,

to what can we attribute this? I wonder if it might be the Buildings or some of the crazy traditions or maybe, more than this, the Staff that makes this school quite unique? Perhaps it is all of these, and after living here one comes up with the answer, maybe it is the 'simple life' in all its finest connotations, such things as - hot toast, hard ice to skate on, a sunny day, a fair wind to sail by, fast, white water, realization that you are appreciated, a hatching egg growing to maturity, the surprise of applause, a winning turtle - all of these seem inconsequential when taken out of context, but when they occur it is part of our lives here. They make their mark, for instance, who would ever think a sophisticated youngster from Rosedale or Westmount would ever be excited about "hot toast"? But this certainly seems to cause a singular reaction from the ever hungry boy, and on a cold winter's day, what could be more exhilarating than playing "shinny" on our own lake? The ice is fast, the cracks frightening, the wind a friend or foe depending on the direction in which you are skating. How many of you have made a 'half-mile pass' to your right winger? On a canoe trip a sunny day is a luxury, especially to those who have gone through two days of rain and cold, but we all seem to take this for granted. We have fair winds for our sailing, white water for our kayaks and the expectant faces for those who go to the Day Centre. Not much to ask for perhaps, but they are what makes this school. The unexpected applause for Director and Players of a production when they have been plugging away without recognition or appreciation for two months. Even the ruffled head of Junior School boy by a Senior who sees and appreciates his contribution to our life, and how many times it is those younger boys who see the School's "goings on" in the simplest and best form.

When you live here it is very easy to take everything for granted, I know I do at times; but we must all believe in what we are doing, realizing how truly fortunate we are for being involved in a school, that cannot be summed up in a brochure, portrayed in a picture or advertised as a seller, let's hope we can keep it this way.

Thank you.

J. T. M. Gust

The Fellas





93 Years of IT?



Turtle Races

The turtle status is Lakefield's most cherished fixture and also the high point of the racing season.

On Friday, June ninth, a crowd of two hundred and fifty people, the largest ever, saw Junior First crawl his winning streak to fifty. He out-crawled Innocence, Birder II, Thud and a litter of others in a mild drive.

At the break, the Junior School entry of Big Ben tore off in front, bent on stealing the race. At one point he was ahead by eight lengths, but he ran out of speed.

It was a smashing performance by Also Ran in which she romped home one length ahead of Little Donkey.

There were plenty of surprises at the Club de Tortoise at race time. The stunner of course was the suspension of Mr. L. Griffith. The Dummer Racing Commission charged that he "acting in concert with others, attempted and did conceal from the commission the use of a divining rod to predict winners." To complicate the situation even more the state divining rod was taken from Mr. McDougall's rose garden. At the time of writing the Diviner has been impounded on a writ of attachment obtained from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. By far the worst event of the stakes was the moral victory of Pacer. It was his good bye appearance and he made his exit in grand style, mowing down the leaders passing the post only twenty lengths behind the third place finisher.

The course as usual was in excellent condition. It is difficult to imagine a more suitable setting.

The tote board presented another record breaking amount. Next season promises to be even more exciting. Junior I came first with Innocence, Birder II, Pud & Thud, Pestie Guest and Watermelon following in that order. Others were Blue Jeans, Smiffles, Mads, Puddles, Little Donkey, Tom Thumb, Frame, Also Ran 1st, Flash, Big Ben, Gorfries, Mr. Big, Freddie the free, Rex, Lightning, Judy, Puny puny, Last Place Winner, Myrtle the Turtle, Sambo, Boo-boo, Thunder and Pacer.



ART



Grant Harris



Obscure Artist



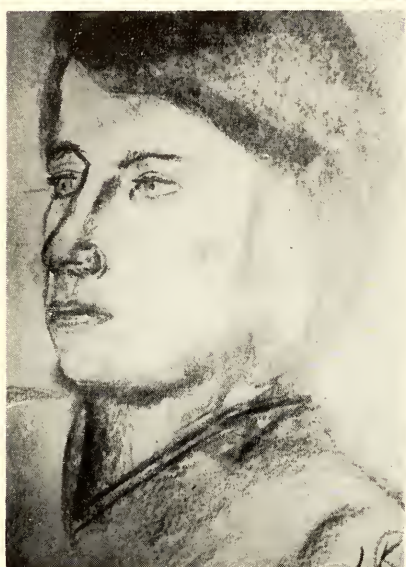
Tam Matthews



Junior School



Andrew Gunn



John Wales



John Wales



Peter Harris





Donald Maher

Steven Jones



Francis Ronald

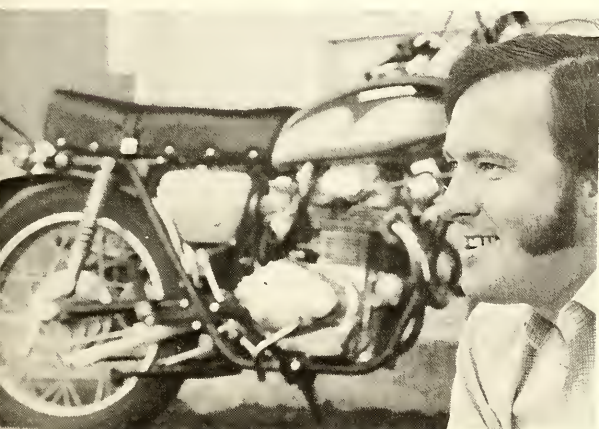


Ron McAuley



Friendly Faces





Prizes

JUNIOR SCHOOL – Mr. Whitney

THE GROVE SHIELDS (100 Points)

<u>Lefevre House</u>	<u>Pullen House</u>	<u>Sheldrake House</u>
		James Irwin
<u>Mackenzie House</u>		Brian Lawrence
		Dan Loomis

THE "300" CLUB – no one

ACADEMIC PRIZES – TOP OF FORM

Grade 5	Bradford Hudson
Grade 6	William Barratt
Grade 7	Alan Redfern
Grade 8	Ian Watson

SPECIAL AWARDS

Junior School Music Prize	Academic: Tim Weatherill Practical: Bill Reddick
The Gaby Award	Peter Marshall
The Fred Page Higgins Memorial Award	James Stikeman
Natural History (Mrs. A. W. Mackenzie's Prize)	Steven Newell
The Harmon Trophy	Presented to the boy in the Jr. School who most excels in schoolwork, games, deportment, strength of character and leadership) Ian Watson

SENIOR SCHOOL – Mr. Guest

THE GROVE SHIELDS (Seniors) 100 Points)

<u>Pullen House</u>	<u>Mackenzie House</u>
Nigel Young Chin	Richard Lane
Steven Griffin	Tim Haller
William Leckie	Stewart Wrathall
Joseph Schejbal	<u>Lefevre House</u>
<u>Sheldrake House</u>	Thornley Stoker
Jeffery Agnew	Jack Fleming
Michael Case	John Coates

STEINS (200 Points)

<u>Pullen House</u>	<u>Mackenzie House</u>
Scott Blackburn	Shaun Ashton
Peter Earle	William Peniston
William Richards	Peter Reid
Ralph Swaine	Paul Desmarais
James Eayrs	<u>Sheldrake House</u>
Guy Rogers	John Smith
<u>Lefevre House</u>	Skyler Jones
John Shuter	Stephen Jones
Daryl Urquhart	

ROSE BOWLS (300 Points)

<u>Sheldrake House</u>	<u>Pullen House</u>
David Bowker	M. de la Roche
James Dempsey	Charles Reynolds
Kim Lowes	<u>Lefevre House</u>
<u>Mackenzie House</u>	John Hunter
Philip Tuck	

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP: Lefevre House



CRICKET (Mr. Macrae)

Batting – The Hendrie Prize – Philip Hermitte
Bowling – The Laker Prize – John Hunter
Lefevre Trophy – MVP Hockey – Jim Dempsey
Lefevre Trophy – MVP Cricket – John Hunter

TENNIS (Dr. Krenz)

The Barnard Trophy (Sr. Singles) – Steve Maher

REGATTA (Mr. James)

Seniors	John Pace
Intermediate	Tam Matthews
Junior	Don Willson
Bantam	Bruce Glover
Long Paddle	David Grand
Cross the Lake Swim	Peter Harris
Junior Cross the Lake Swim	Ian Dobson
Outstanding Seamanship Award	Tam Matthews

SAILING (Mr. James)

Windeyer Trophy	Doug Abbott
Happy Return Trophy	James Stikeman

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARDS

GOLD	Don MAHER	Daryl J. URQUHART
	Peter BIRKETT	Philip TUCK
	Andrew GUNN	Jock FLEMING

CADEMIC PRIZES – TOP OF FORM

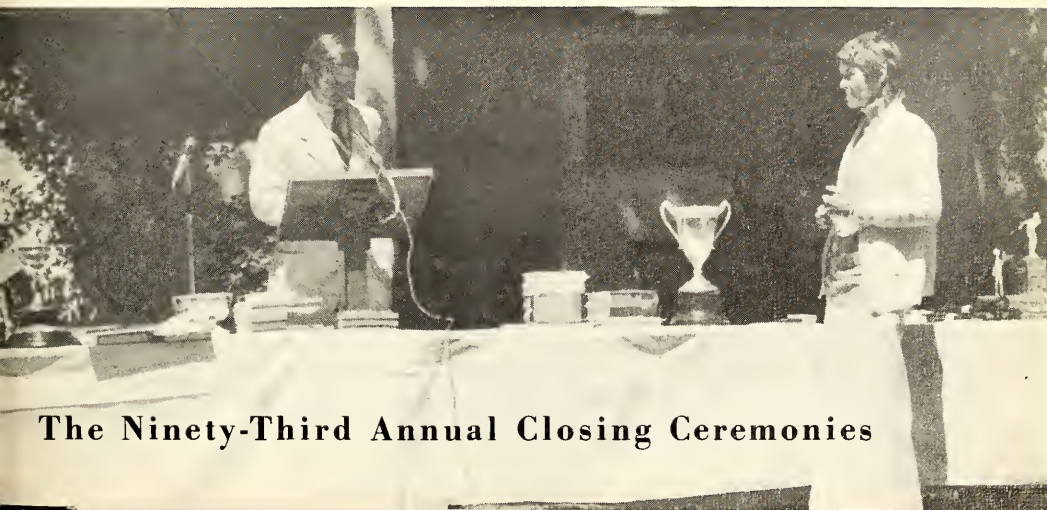
r. 9-X	—	Michael Heeney
r. 9-Y	—	David Pattison
r. 10-X	—	James Eayrs
r. 10-Y	—	Skylar Jones
r. 11-X	—	Clifford Abraham
r. 11-Y	—	Stephen Jones
r. 12-X	—	Ralph Swaine
r. 12-Y	—	Guy Rogers
r. 13	—	Gordon E. Webb

PECIAL ACADEMIC PRIZES

EOGRAPHY		T. A. C. Bell
RENCH		Ian Hunt
HE CHRONICLE PRIZE		Gordon Webb
CIENCE		John Pace
MUSIC: 1. Academic		Skylar Jones
2. Practical.		Ian Fleming
HAPEL AWARD		Ron MacAuley
RAMATICS		John Pace
ISTORY		Andrew Gunn
		Ralph Swaine
MATHEMATICS		
(Prof. M. Mackenzie's Prize)	..	Gordon Webb
(The Patterson Prize)		Brian Harrington
GLISH (I. Norman Smith		
Prize)		John Wales
(The Delafosse Prize).	..	James Eayrs
IBRARY PRIZE		Philip Wisener
RT PRIZE		John Wales
LL ROUND		
CHAMPIONSHIP		John Pace
HE CROMBI AWARD		Kim Lowes
HE BD. OF GOVERNORS		
PRIZE		Ian Hunt
RITTON OSLER		
SCHOLARSHIP		Philip Tuck
ASSIE AWARD		David Lewis
EDSON PEASE PRIZE		
(Intermediate)		Jullian Lannaman
		Peter Birkett
HE KETCHUM PRIZE		
(Hugh & Jean Ketchum)		Robb Patterson
HE STEVE THOMPSON		
PRIZE		Brian Harrington
HE STAFF BURSARY		Bill Richards



JEAN & WINDER SMITH		
AWARD (Endowed by the		
Board of Governors when		
Mr. Smith retired)		Perry Gray
EDSON PEASE PRIZE		
(Senior)		John Pace
PETER WADSWORTH		
BURSARY		Mark Harington
GROVE GUILD PRIZE		Pat Frewer
MRS. JEAN I. WINDER SMITH		
AWARD		Peter Sibbald
MRS. FOSTER OFF or PATRICK		
JACK E. MATTHEWS HUMANITARIAN		
AWARD		Kim Lowes
GWYLLUM DUNN MEMORIAL		
SCHOLARSHIP		Michael de la Roche
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S		
MEDAL		Guy Rogers
P. G. CARR HARRIS OLD BOYS'		
BURSARY		Pat Frewer
OLD BOYS' GOLD WATCH		David Bowker
GOVERNOR GENERAL'S		
MEDAL		Gordon Webb



The Ninety-Third Annual Closing Ceremonies



JUNIOR

SCHOOL



Junior School Editorial



Junior Masters

This year there were only two boys from the school selected to have the honor of being Junior Masters, Paul Desmerais, and myself. I must, at this point thank Mr. Whitney for giving us the opportunity of having this experience, and sharing in our trials and tribulations; coaching us along when times got rough, which thankfully was seldom.

Our main thanks, however, are directed to the boys themselves; to them goes the credit of making our short stay here as enjoyable as it was. Granted, life at times, appeared trying, but the boys came through unscathed, and we, slightly wiser. We are greatly indebted to all the boys, dayboys and boarders alike, for the privilege, of having them, however unwittingly, teach us.

Nous sommes très redevables à vous tous.

M. de la Roche

Looking back over the past year I find that in most aspects 1971-72 has been a good year in the Junior School.

Our sports record was enviable and even remarkable when you consider our size. The spring term allowed all boys to participate at some level. The proximity of Club de Katchewanooka allowed golf for the first time. Bright possibilities for the future in this area.

Expedition Week End appeared to be a success. The addition of Hunt, Reynolds, Bowker, Pace (I forgot my sleeping bag!), Hunter, Agnew and Lowes allowed me to be transportation officer. In the future I hope for smaller groups and regular base camping throughout the year. Mr. McDougall's Scholar Roll Safari was another success. In the Titanic they "tipped" from Hastings to Trenton. The only hitch was lock Eight, or rather my lack of geographical knowledge. The grocery delivery was two hours late.

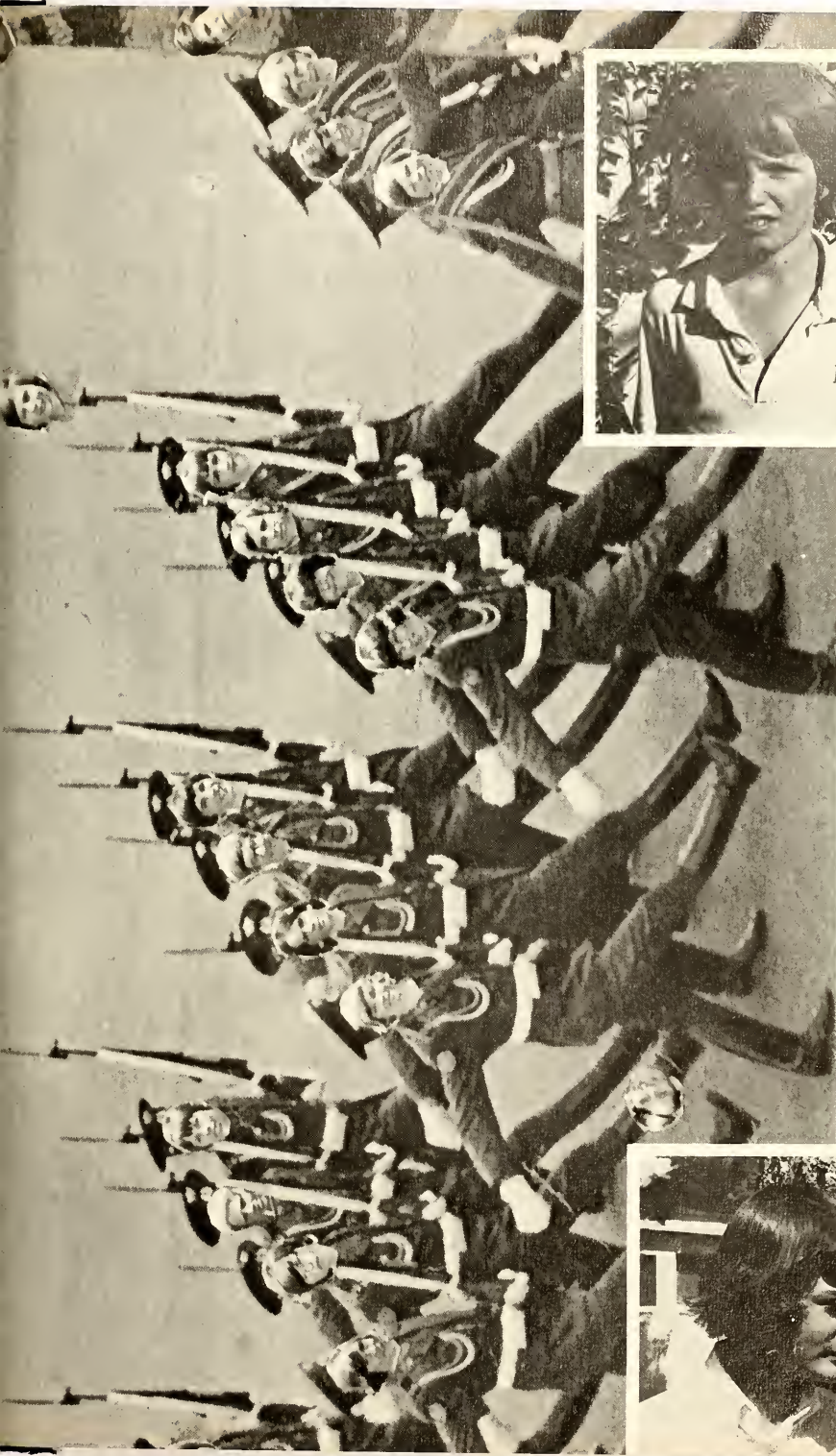
Educational curriculum and standards continue to change. We must continue to keep in mind that although school can be interesting, its main function is not to make people feel that it has to be enjoyable. There are difficult tasks to be done and I feel that competitive training with lots of hard work is an excellent thing. We do not need a psychologist to tell us that a child whose will is never crossed is he who will make himself most miserable.

In the Junior School we will continue to hold fast to the School Motto which I hope will mean more and more to you in the future.

"Mens Sano in Corpore Sano"

B. B. Whitney





J. S. EDITOR - Ian Watson

Grade 8

J. S. Sports - Kevin Malone

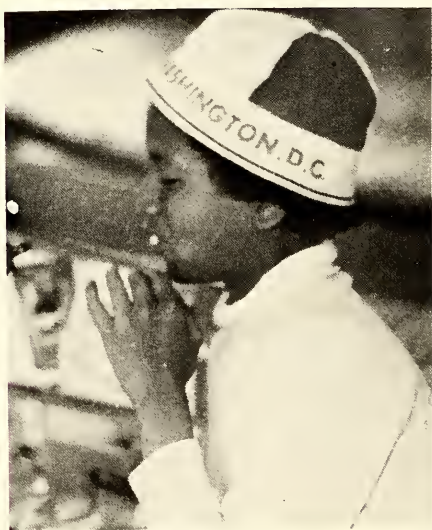


Grades 5 & 6



Grade 7







The J.S. Play

This year, as always, the J. S. play was a great success. It was held on Sat. May 6 and the whole auditorium was packed with parents and guests. The play was introduced by Alan Redfern, who also did a wonderful magic show. This year's play was called "Alle Redfern". Alle himself was portrayed by Craig Harris, and his three stepbrothers by David Greene, Leo Dorfman and Billy Oguvie. Good performances were also turned out by Brian Lawrence and Donald Wilson.

Mr. James directed the play with the help of Student Director Ian Watson. The play was a take-off on Cinderella, with stepbrothers, a step-father, and a ball with a princess. There was also a fairy godfather who, besides not knowing any magic, or being five-hundred years old, was still able to help Alle to the ball. This part was hilariously played by Sean Fitzhenry. As I said before, the play was a great success, but it could not have been so without the help of all the actors, stage and lighting men, and the director and Student director.

James Richardson





A Masque for Mr. Punch

The Christmas play this year was performed by Junior School. "A Masque for Mr. Punch" written by Robertson Davies, and directed by Mr. Harris was put on the last night of term. Punch was portrayed by Tim Morawetz, and Judy, his wife, was portrayed by Allen Redfern. Despite the baby getting caught on Judy's back, sets falling down, and Punch's nose continually slipping, the play was otherwise a success.

Good performances were turned in by Ian Watson, Ludwig Gindl, and Stephen Jacobs.

Practices occurred at the same time as the House Plays, so we practiced in a variety of places. We borrowed costumes from Upper Canada College which fitted our needs perfectly. Thank you U.C.C.

Many people gained new views toward the theater and new actors have discovered a great pastime.

We thank you Mr. Harris.

by Tim Morawetz.

T.H.E. snake



Spring

Spring begins with song and sun.
Sun brings heat waves on the run.
The heat brings flowers from the ground
All red and blue and square and round.
Spring brings showers and warm rain;
Spring brings pleasure to the lame.
Sailing and swimming begin in the spring,
So does baseball and other small things.
Spring brings growth of light green mint
Which turns the water a light blue tint.
Spring is just around the bend
So I will tell you that this is the end.

Alan Redfern



Gleaming Sun and Spring

Go through the gleaming valley gold,
Lonely the hills go up and down.
See all the mysteries true untold,
And see all the chirping birds around.

Winfield Kennedy

War

War, hate, blood, death,
Guns, mud, trenches, mess,
Sick, terrible, maddening, fierce,
Families, loss, mournful, tears.

John Ryder

Kitten

Kitten, wool, playful, smack,
Unwind, jump, tangle, hack,
Hiss, tumble, bite, rip,
Retreat, crouch, leap, flip.

Ian Watson

OF FRIEND AND RIVERS

She lay on the great flat rock, legs and arms drooping over the sides, eyes staring blankly into the clear blue sky, and a thoughtful smile still resting on her face. I sat beside her on the old dead stump. My head rested in my hands, the water quietly dripping from my hair, my eyes lost in the endless whirlpool of the river at our feet.

It hadn't been long ago I thought when we'd first seen each other. That afternoon on the lawn, when we'd each shyly introduced ourselves, was still as fresh as the green moss between my toes. I could still feel the power of her eyes, their keenness, but I could feel their sincerity too. I guess that first day was the best day of my life; I had found a great friend. After that, it seemed natural that I should be with Vicki whenever either of us needed companionship. And, as all young people do, we needed companionship just about all of the time.

I remembered the times which made Vicki so special — The times we were in trouble. She would just grin and say, "Well, now we've done it," and I'd laugh and she'd laugh and the whole thing seemed a lot less terrible. After we had gotten into big trouble she'd say, "Well, it could be worse, y'know," and just by how she said it, you knew it was true. It was always "we" with Vicki.

Fun was our special talent. Alone things never worked out. It was either too hot, too cold, or too late to do anything. Together, we could have fun under any condition.

One night, in the heart of a January storm, Vicki called on me at 10 o'clock. She was standing outside my window, waist deep in snow, the wind blowing all around. I don't know how she talked me into coming out of my warm cosy room to have fun in the blizzard, but at Vicki's invitation I flew out of the house in a rush. We did have fun in that blizzard. Sidewalks were lanes for sliding contests, snowbanks were to tumble in, and life was to enjoy. We came in cold, tired, snowy, and thoroughly happy.

As we grew older we continued our friendship. We loved lazy camping trips. The first trip of summer was the best; the end of school, so long-awaited came. For a week we shared the beauty of nature. In that week were memories and impressions which would last forever.

Vicki and I never had an argument. We disagreed occasionally, but each of us came up with the same answer every time.

Vicki never did anything she didn't believe in or say anything she didn't mean. I was proud she was my friend. She was a great help to me. I don't know what I'd have done if she hadn't been my — — my friend. I don't know what I'll do

My eyes gradually lifted themselves from the timeless whirlpool. The sun had dried my clothes and I had recovered my strength. I rose from the stump. Her face was still smiling but it was cold now and a sickly shade of white. I stood for one small minute, then gently picked up her body in my arms and walked quietly away.



Lizards

Lizards are fun and some can run.
Lizards can make very high jumps and
some just lie under stumps.
Lizards can carry a dog and some just
sleep under a log.
Lizards grow to very tall heights
and some put up very good fights!
Lizards can get very dry and
some can make people cry.
Lizards are brown,
Lizards are green,
and some are hardly ever seen.

Jamie White



THE CHAIR

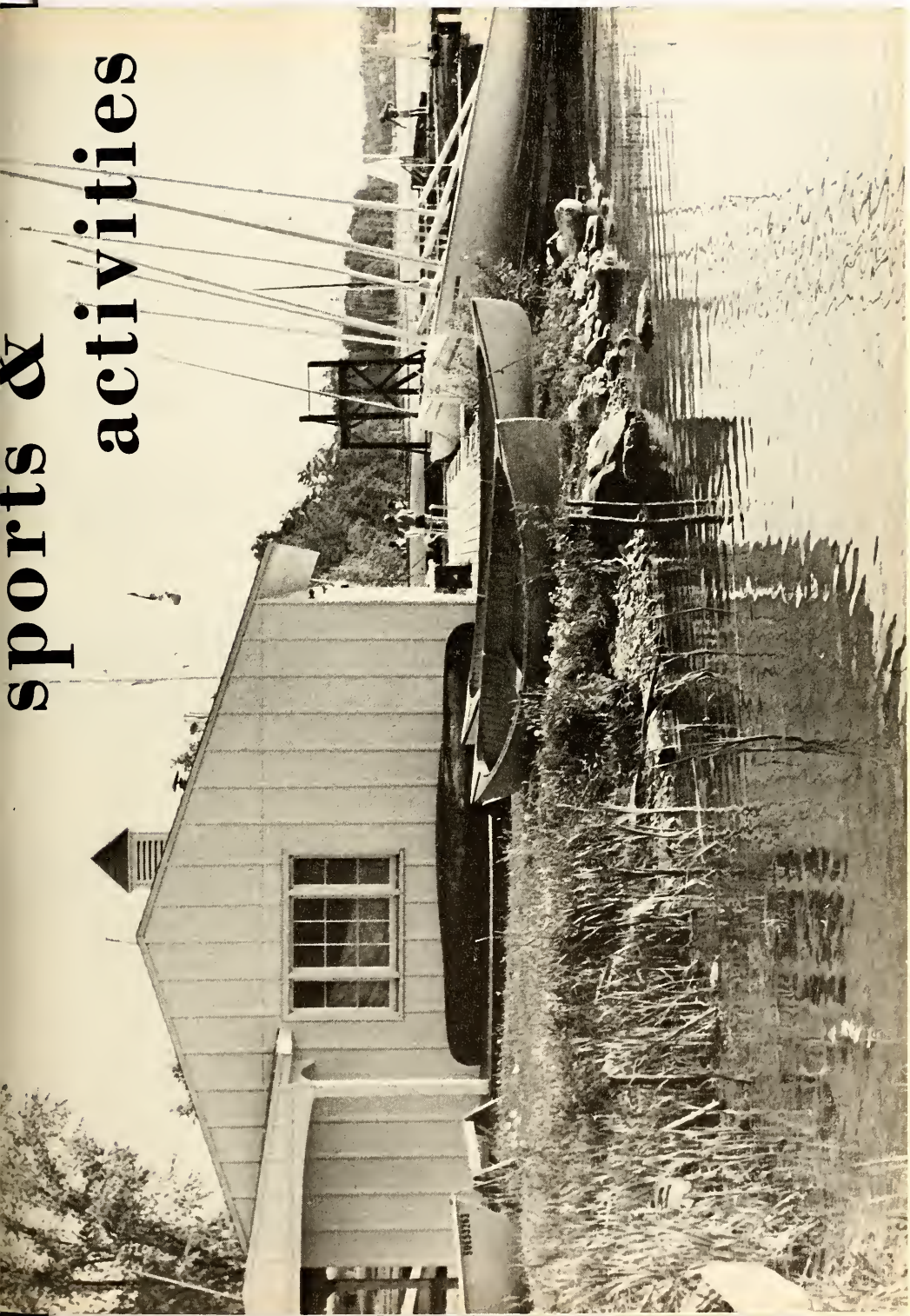
The dark walls seemed to close in, and the thought of what was to happen took hold of me. I began to shake. The windows could not be opened and the thin wooden crosspieces made them unbreakable. The room was cell like, round in shape and furnished with only a few chairs. The door was so thick that I could not possibly open it. I had to accept my fate, I decided. Once, then twice the clock chimed. It was time!

An attendant, dressed in a repulsive blue military uniform ushered me down the long, dark corridor. By now I was shaking very violently! Was what I had neglected to do so wrong? Did I deserve this awful doom? The attendant opened the door; that final door. I entered the room and saw right in front of me, the CHAIR. It was big, big enough for anyone condemned to sit in it. Wires, controls and big leather straps covered it. I sat down just the way I was told to. I knew it was useless to resist. I was strapped in and the man at the controls asked if I had any last requests, I did not. He pulled the switch and I heard a low humming. Then he bent over and said, "Now just don't worry, you won't feel a thing.

I'll have that nasty tooth out in a minute."

by J. Richardson

sports & activities



First Junior School Soccer



STANDING (l-r): John Wales (asst. coach), Loomis, Richard son, Gordon 11, Greene, Mr. Hayman (coach), SITTING: Lawrence, Herrold, Diamond, G. Newell, Malone, Ogilvie, Ellis.

The first Junior School Soccer Team this season enjoyed a very successful season under the coaching of Mr. Hayman and John Wales, with a record of 8 wins 3 losses, and 2 ties. The season started off well, winning our first game against Crescent 1-0, and tying Pickering 3-3. Our third game was against Ashbury losing 3-2. But from then we played extremely well, until our last two games of the season against Ashbury and Pickering, losing to Ashbury 4-2 and losing to Pickering 1-0. The team would like to thank Mr. Hayman and John Wales for their effort and patience.

K. Malone

The Second Soccer Team



The Junior School second soccer team has consisted of thirteen regular players this year. With Shoniker in goal, and Whitney and C. Harris the two fullbacks, we presented a solid defence. The rest of the defence all played well, but were unable to cover up on the few inevitable mistakes they made during a game. Consequently, always one and occasionally two goals were allowed to scuttle by the goaltender. The lack of urgency exhibited by the defence in our own penalty area was also evident when the attack of Smith, Jones III, Grand, Young Chin III, Dormer, and Snow reached the opposition's penalty box. The team's midfield playing was excellent, but rarely was the necessary goal-scoring aggression and precision manifested. The basic problem which led to the team's poor record (played 8: won 1, tied 1, lost 6), was one of kindness rather than bad play. The team consisted of thirteen extremely pleasant boys who did not know how to tackle and check sufficiently aggressively to upset the play of teams who were often considerably larger than they. Soccer is not a contact sport, but hard tackling and vigorous competition for possession are vital facts of the game. Only on a few occasions did this necessary aggression become evident. The team always played well, but often much too nicely.

Mr. J. Grant

The Third Team Soccer



BACK ROW: Brophey, Irwin, M. De La Roche (coach). MIDDLE ROW: Ryder, field, Kennedy, Dorfman, Douglas. FRONT ROW: Watson, Harris 11, Symons, son.



This season two green coaches, Desmerais, and myself were blessed with a very competent Third Team. Desmerais coached the forwards, which, after a while, ran circles around our opposing teams. I coached the defence and goal which formed, thanks to captain Douglas as center halfback and Simons in goal, all but the determined on-laughters. Our other captain, Kelly Harris played center forward, standing 4'3" tall, was by far the most agile, of any one on any team, and so consistently had the ball.

The spirit of the team is exemplified by the fact that although our first two games were losses, the team came back and won our last four, all by a large margin.

I would like to mention all of the team members here, but space won't allow for it, I must however thank John Ryder, our Most Valuable Player for his outstanding sportsman-like behavior he displayed at all times. Above all I would like to thank the team for putting up with us, and congratulate them on their excellent season, we'll look forward to seeing them all on the 2nd or 1st teams next year.

M. de la Roche

The Fourth Soccer Team



The 4th soccer team was a newly formed team in its first year. With new players, a new coach, and sometimes a new game ("lace"), it seemed to be a good base for starting soccer players. Although a steady losing streak plagued the team through the season, it gave its members the start they needed in a sport they will probably pursue in following years. Also the idea of students helping students, as was tried in this case, I hope will continue.

D. Bunker

The First Hockey Team



BACK ROW: Lawrence, Shonicker, Willson, Glover, Mr. Whitney (coach), Marshall, Redick 11, Ryder, Watson. FRONT ROW: Greene, Herold, Malone, Newell 1, Diamond, Pachanos Harris 1.



I was blessed in my rookie season as a coach with an eager, spirited and potentially talented team. After our initial set-back at Appleby the boys realized their potential and primarily through hard work and good team play achieved a final record of 11 wins and 3 losses. The finest game the team played was possibly against S.A.C. Sickness and injuries had reduced the team to skeleton proportions but a tremendous team effort and a last minute goal by Diamond made us 4-3 winners.

Through the season Diamond (this year's M.V.P.), Newell, Willson and Herold were outstanding on defense. Malone scored often thanks to the hard work of Glover, Reddick and Marshall who got the puck to him. Shoniker had the same good fortune, his wingers being Watson and Pachanos. Grand, Lawrence and Ryder displayed close line play which produced many pretty goals. Greene and Harris played very ably in net and should both do well if they stay on their feet!

Finally I would like to thank my captains, Diamond, Newell and Malone, for their leadership and the whole team for their support in an exciting, enjoyable, successful season.

A Dedicated Player



vs.	Appleby	2-0	lost
vs.	Pickering	8-0	won
vs.	Ridley	4-3	won
vs.	U.C.C.	3-1	won
vs.	T.C.S.	8-1	lost
vs.	Crescent	8-0	won
vs.	Crescent	5-0	won
vs.	U.C.C.	5-2	won
vs.	Pickering	9-0	won
vs.	Ashbury	10-1	won
vs.	St. Georges	6-4	won
vs.	S.A.C.	4-3	won
vs.	Ashbury	6-4	lost
vs.	Appleby	7-5	won

The Second Team Hockey



BACK ROW: Duffield, Snow, Dormer, Dorfman, Irwin, Fitzhenry, Stikeman, Mr. Burns (coach). FRONT ROW: Harris 11, Morawetz 11, Ogilvie, Smith, Greenwood, McDougall, Harris 1.

This year the second hockey team had a poor start. The first game was an away game at Pickering College. Our aggressiveness made it an interesting contest even though we lost. Not until the end of the season did we develop into a consistent scoring team. The last games were by far our best. We travelled to Ashbury College and with a

strong defence, our goalie allowed only one goal in, while our forwards tallied for four. This was our first win of the season. The last game was a home game against Ashbury and this finished up the season with a win. We had an enjoyable season, thanks to our coach, Mr. Burns.

M. Smith

Third Team Hockey

Team Record: Won 2, Lost 7.



BACK ROW: Newell 11, Bropley, Nation, Boland, Cuthbertson, Mr. Mader (coach). FRONT ROW: Lang, Hudson, Cayley, Shedden, Dobson, Kennedy.

The J. S. thirds this year were plagued with cancellations that caused us to have only one game. This was quite unfortunate because the team had quite a bit of potential to win. The one game, against U.C.C., ended with a 2-0 win for them. It might have been a lot worse had it not been for the great goal-tending of Andrew Shedden and the defensive work of S. Newell, D. Boland,

A. Nation, and M. Cuthbertson. The offense was W. Kennedy, I. Dobson, G. Bropley, C. Cayley, B. Hudson, and B. Lang. Mr. Mader in his first year of coaching hockey and his first in many on skates helped us quite a bit in practices and games.

A. Nation

Nancy Greene Ski Team

This year we had a very successful season. In our first race against Bethany White we lost with our top man Jamie DeBustin placing second. In our second race against Devil's Elbow we won with Billy Ellis placing first. In our third race against Dagmar we won with our top man Billy Ellis placing first again. Our fourth race was against Oshawa White Stars which was our hardest race, but we also won it. Our last race was against Batawa which we won by a big margin taking the first five places. The team was coached by Mr. James. We would like to thank him for his time and patience.

Bruce McDougall



BACK ROW: Jacobs, Gordon 11, Gindl, Douglas, DeBustin.
MIDDLE ROW: Symons, Godson, Ellis, Jones 111. FRONT
ROW: Titcombe, Loomis, Lewis, White.

Tennis Team

This year Paul Demerais took on the role of coaching the Junior School Tennis Team. Ellis and Ogilvie made up our two single teams, Ryder and Gordon made up on of the double teams, and Gindl and Lyman the other. Our first match was with U.C.C., everyone lost including our two

spares, Fitzhenry and Brokemier. Our second and final match was against S.A.C. It turned out successful for everyone but Ellis, who lost. The team would like to thank Paul Demerais for his help in making all this possible.

John Ryder

Dorm Standing



Best Averages

<u>Dorm</u>	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Third</u>
1	Lewis	Snow	Boland II
2	Symons	Titcombe	Godson
3	Gindl	Glover	Rostig
4	Jones	Douglas	Kennedy
5	Willson	Herold	Ogilvie
6	Ellis	Marshall	Stikeman
7	Ryder	Diamond	Newell I

Best Averages Overall

1st	Willson
2nd	Jones
3rd	Gindl
4th	Ellis
5th	Ryder

Junior School Donut Races

This year the students of Junior School were unfortunately again forced to participate in the Doughnut Races. Though no legs were broken while running the race three persons did however return after our Easter Break with their legs encased well above the knee in solid plaster. This however did not affect their enthusiasm as they ridiculed the contestants who were finishing the 2.9 mile race. These three were not the only ones excused, since a number experienced twisted ankles after the second or third race. These noncontestants found to their displeasure that garbage picking was the new substitute for the races. The majority of Junior school ran through rain and snow to achieve the best time possible. The persons with the best overall times were awarded doughnuts for their achievements. An award well earned.

Mark Smith



First Junior School Cricket



Under the managing of Mr. Whitney and the coaching of Brian Iggulden the first Junior School Cricket team enjoyed a successful season, winning four, drawing one, and tying one. We won our first four games, our toughest game being against U.C.C. which we won 73-64. Our next three games we drew and lost.

At St. Andrew's College we drew with 70 for 4 wickets and they had 141 for all out. Our final game was against Appleby which was a mismatch, resulted in 207 to 13 loss. The team would like to thank Mr. Whitney and Brian Iggulden for turning out at our practises and coaching our games leading us to a successful season.

K. Malone





Junior School Sailing

This year Junior School Sailing was very active, and exceptionally good. They started in early May with some trial races. After the trial races the "Happy Return" trophy races were held of which the winner would represent the school in the Independent School Dingy Regatta. The Olympic scoring method was used. Eight skippers raced for the cup; Andrew Nation, Allen Redfern, Mark Harold, Bruce McDougall, James Stikeman, Don Willson, Craig Harris, and Dan Loomis.

There were seven races of which one was dropped, to give the total score. James Stikeman represented Lakefield College School in the Independent School Dingy Regatta when he came first with 22.4 in the "Happy Return". Don Willson followed with 29.7.

Between the Independent Schools Lakefield placed First and then Crescent.

During senior school time the "Windeyer" cup heats were held. Nine Junior School Boys entered, of which three made it into the finals. It was a tight finish when Doug Abbott of Senior School and James Stikeman finished in a tie. This resulted in an exciting match race which Doug Abbott won.

I would like to add a special thanks to my crew, David Greens and Bruce Glover.



Lakefront Supervisor — Greg Cockburn



Junior School Aviation



Winners: Grant Rostig, James Stikeman, and Andrew Nation.

This year the junior school has been very active with model airplanes. Almost everyone is involved in some way or another. Most of the aircraft flew, although some were grounded permanently after their first flight. This was due to down-wind take-offs in which the aircraft made contact with mother earth in an unusual fashion. And in other spectacular happenings, the remains were spread over the field.

Much work is put into aircraft which are constructed from light balsa wood covered with silk, and then done over in a fuel-proof dope to give a smooth high gloss finish. The aircraft are then powered (unless gliders) by miniature engines according to the size of the aircraft. This year Chris

Moes and Don Maher kindly supplied us with the materials required.

There are two types of flying in the junior school. These are control line (as the name implies) and radio control. Because of the activity, Moes and Maher organized a static model contest with Don Adams (hobby shop owner) and E. Sharp (former head of Peterborough R. C. club) as judges.

The contest went well, with James Stikeman winning with a "Hurricane Stunt", Grant Rostig coming second with a "Masters Trainer", and Andrew Nation coming third with a "Musketeer". Another contest has been scheduled for flying. The aircraft are becoming better, and the flying more fun.

J. Stikeman

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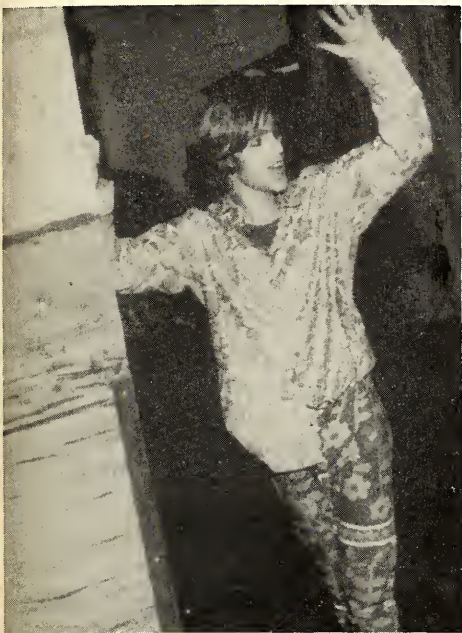
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High Low Stock			Div	Days High Low Close Ch/g Vol				High Low Stock			Div	Days High Low Close Ch/g Vol				High Low Stock			Div	Days High Low Close Ch/g Vol				High Low Stock			Div	Days High Low Close Ch/g Vol							
16 1/2	7 3/4	Abel Black		310	310	310	-	5	100	40	3634	Husky B pr	3.00	33 1/2	36 1/2	36 1/2	-1 1/4	100	170	15 1/4	M L Mills	x.50	18 1/2	10 3/4	M L Mills	x.50	179	65 1/4	M L Mills	p.50					
13 1/2	7 3/4	Abilibi	.36	58 1/4	7 1/2	7 1/2	-	1/4	3073	800	50	Husky D w		300	280	280		100	175	15 1/4	Maritime	x.10	179	65 1/4	M L Mills	p.50	180	15 1/4	Maritime	x.10					
11 1/4	5 1/2	Acklands	.24	56 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	-	1/4	250	2234	14 1/2	Imp Oil	x.52 1/2	51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	10584	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00					
29	8 1/4	Acres Ltd		59 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2	+ 1/2	1/4	259	16 1/2	12	Imp Tob	x.80	13 1/2	13	13 1/2	- 3/8	1800	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1676	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00					
38 1/2	33 1/2	Acres A pr	3.60	53 1/2	35 1/2	35 1/2	-	1/4	224	12 1/2	11 1/4	Indus Inc	x.75	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2	-	219	1734	16 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1734	16 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1734	16 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00					
15	20 1/2	Acres w		300	300	300	-	1/4	424	15 1/2	10 1/2	Ind Accep		51 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	- 3/8	2885	1076	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1076	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1076	9 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00					
9 1/2	36 1/2	A.G.F.M.	n.38	435	435	435	-10	1/4	181	510	300	Is Acc		415	415	415	-10	264	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00					
18 1/2	10	Almico Ind		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/4	3820	12 1/2	8 1/2	Ind Adhes	.48	59 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2	- 1/8	100	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00	1274	8 1/4	Mass-Per	1.00						
43	35 1/4	Alta Gas T	1.50	39 1/4	39 1/4	39 1/4	+ 1/4	240	13 1/2	7	Inglis		57 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2	- 1/8	200	20	11 1/2	Moison B	.72	20	11 1/2	Moison B	.72	20	11 1/2	Moison B	.72						
20	101	Alta G D P	5.37	110	110	110	-	40	46	5	Intmelco		300	300	300	-	600	38	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	38	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	38	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
23 1/4	18 1/2	Alta Nat	1.00	51 1/2	19	19	-	1/4	46	5	285		300	300	300	-	10	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
7 1/4	5 1/2	Algo Cent		51 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	-	1/4	46	5	285		300	300	300	-	10	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
29 1/4	11 1/4	Algoma St		52 1/2	21 1/2	22	+ 1/4	6135	49 1/2	36 1/2	Int NRkel	1.20	54 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	- 1/4	7259	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
34	25 1/2	Alcan pr	1.70	52 1/2	25 1/2	25 1/2	- 1/8	100	29 1/2	20 1/2	Int Util	1.40	52 1/2	22	22 1/2	- 1/4	3805	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
6 1/4	450	Allarco Dlx		58	450	450	-62	750	205	100	Int Div		110	110	110	+ 5	900	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
34 1/4	30 1/2	Almin 2p	2.25	53 1/2	33	33	-	100	23 1/2	17 1/2	Intpr Pipe	.80	52 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	- 1/8	6767	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
7 1/4	47 1/2	Anglo-cn	.36	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	-	10	10 1/2	6 1/2	Intpr Steel	k.10	830	775	775	-60	1225	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
38	30 1/4	Ang CT 290	2.90	534	34	34	-	210	11	6 1/2	Inv Grp A	.40	56 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	+ 1/8	405	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
25	12 1/2	Aquitaine		517 1/4	17	17 1/2	+ 1/8	3750	11 1/2	8 1/2	Inv Grp A	p.1.25	517 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	- 1/4	800	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
37	33	Argus B pr	2.70	53 1/2	33	33	-	25	16 1/2	8 1/2	Inv Grp A		57 1/2	7	7	- 1	3100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
11 1/4	8 1/2	Argus C pr	.60	58 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	- 1/8	1050	14 1/2	200	IOS Ltd		280	240	245	-30	16990	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
28 1/2	22	Asbestos	1.00	52 1/2	26 1/4	26 1/4	- 1/4	148	16 1/2	8 1/2	Irwin Toy		55 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/2	-	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
15 1/2	7	Atco Ind		58 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	-	100	220	470	IWC Ind		220	220	220	+ 5	1000	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
15 1/2	13	Atl Sugar	1.20	51 1/4	13	13 1/4	+ 1/8	220	14 1/2	6 1/2	Jefferson	.10	58 1/2	8	8 1/2	- 1/4	2300	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
62	55 1/4	Atl Sugar pr	5.00	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	-	3500	16 1/2	8 1/2	Jefferson		360	345	350	-	4000	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
45	105	Atl Sug w		110	105	110	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	950	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
8 1/4	200	Auto El	.30	360	350	350	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	2180	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
62	55	Bahama		30	29	29	-	1/2	9957	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72					
17	13 1/4	Bank Mtl	x.75	51 1/2	14 1/2	15	- 1/2	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
22 1/2	16 1/4	Bank N S	x.78	51 1/2	17 1/4	18	- 1/2	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
16 1/4	9 1/2	Beaver L	.50	510 1/4	10 1/4	10 1/4	- 1/2	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
11 1/2	9	Belding L	.50	511	11	11	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
90	240	Belding w	2.50	300	325	325	-20	500	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
44 1/2	38 1/2	Bell Canad		542	41 1/2	41 1/2	- 1/2	4553	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
50 1/4	45 1/2	Bell A pr	.37	295	48	48	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
7 1/2	250	Block Bros	.02	295	290	290	- 5	1598	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
22 1/2	10 1/2	Bombard	.60	513	13	13	-	1595	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
29	8 1/2	Bow Vally	1.10	510 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
14 1/2	12	Bow Vily pr	1.10	512	12	12	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
32	47 1/2	Bow Vily w	2.75	650	650	650	-	100	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
38	27 1/2	Bramalea	p.07	305	290	290	-20	3763	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
17 1/2	12 1/2	Brascan	1.00	513 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	-	868	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
10	90	Bright	p4.00	510 1/2	101	101	-	135	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
34 1/4	23	BC Forest	1.00	52 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	- 3/8	175	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
45	42 1/2	BC Forest p	3.00	542 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2	-	90	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
18 1/2	17	BC Pack A	.75	517	17	17	-1 1/2	600	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/8	100	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72	10	27 1/4	Moison B	.72						
20	15	BC Sugar	x1.00	518	18	18	- 1/2	200	13 1/2	6 1/2	Kaps Tead		51 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	- 1/																			

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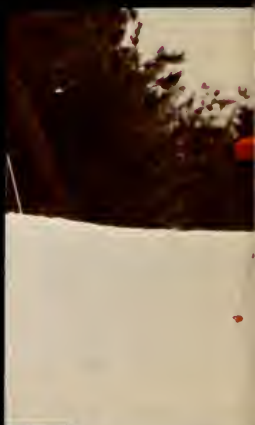
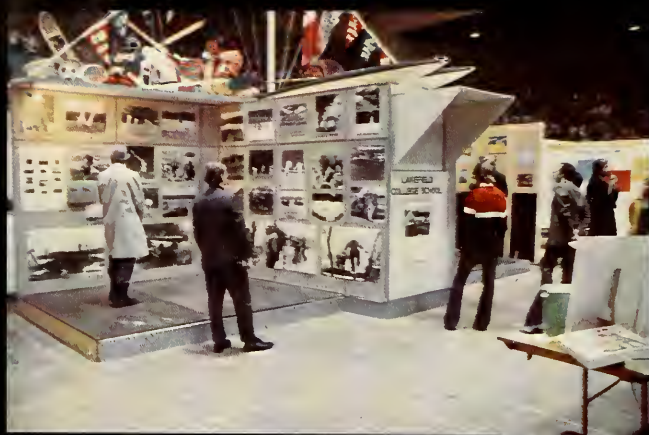
Lakefield, Ontario Branch

The boys of de Chronicle Staff
wanna wish ya betta years to come.

signed

Gord, Andy, Ralph,
Tam, Phil, Nigel, Scott,
and Guy Fordice.







1/26/2009

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